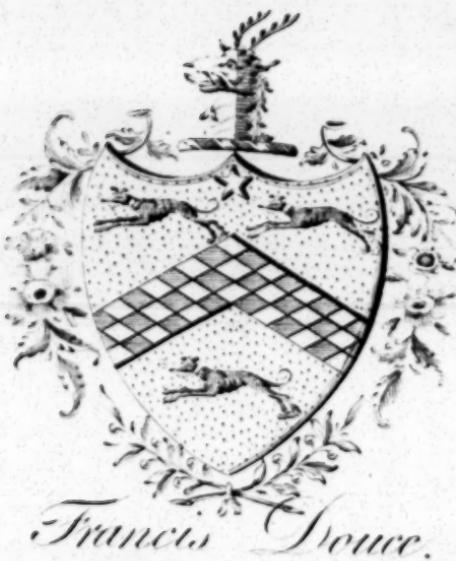


Douce
T. 186.



Francis Douce.





The Monarchy of FAIRIES once was great,
As good old Wives, and Nurses do relate:
Then was the golden Age, from whence did spring
A Race of Fairies, dancing round a Ring,
Who in the Night-time did inform Mankind,
Of what the following Tales will bring to mind.



THE HISTORY OF THE *Tales of the FAIRIES.*

Newly done from the French.

CONTAINING,

- I: The Tale of *Graciosa*, and Prince *Pereinet* shewing the Cruelty of a proud Mother-in-law, to an innocent, dutiful Virgin.
- II. The *Blew-Bird*, and *Florina*; shewing the Happiness of being good-natur'd in both Sexes.
- III. Prince *Avenant*, and the Beauty with Locks of Gold; shewing what Difficulties and Dangers Love will surmount.
- IV. The King of the *Peacocks*, and the Princess *Rosetta*; shewing the Vanity of Covetousness, Pride and Envy.
- V. Prince *Nonpariel*, and the Princess *Brilliant*; wherein is shown, that outward Beauty is not the only Object Love delights to dwell in.
- VII. The *Orange-Tree*, and its beloved Bee, shewing the Happiness of those Lovers who shall find Constancy in Perfection.

Dedicated to the *LADIES* of Great-Britain.

L O N D O N.

Printed and Sold by *Eben. Tracy*, at the Three
Bibles on *London-Bridge*, 1716:
(Price Bound, One Shilling.)



YANKEE
ZEPHYRUS
set to waltz
and other songs
by W. M.

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THE
Epistle Dedicatory,
TO THE
British Ladies.

Ladies,

THE Works of the Original Author of the ensuing Sheets being too Voluminous, and consequently of a large Price, I thought it proper to single out from the *French*, the ensuing *Tales*, which are known to be *Genuine*; there being several which go under the Name of the *Countess d'Anois's Tales*, which indeed are Spurious, and the Invention of some other Genius.

The Epistle Dedicatory,

I did not attempt this, with a Design to follow exactly the French Copy, nor have any regard to our English Translation; which, *to me*, are both tedious and irksome. Nor have I done it by way of *Invasion*, having begun some of it many Years since: But to make it *portable* for your walking *Diverſion*, and less *Chargeable*: and chiefly to set aside the Distances of *Sentences* and *Words*, which not only dissolve the *Memory*, but keep the most nice and material *Intrigues*, from a close Connexion.

I have indeed, in several places, made use of some Expressions to supply the *Author's*, because I would have them adapted more peculiarly to a *British* Genius; but omitted nothing that may justly render the *Work* imperfect.

Ladies,

to the British Ladies.

Ladies,

The Character of the Countess de *Anois*, is too bright among your Sex, to find a Place in this short *Preface*: But it may be truly said, (notwithstanding she has *Justified* herself in her own *Memoirs*, and attributed more of *Misfortune* to the *Fair*, than *Irregularities* in *Conduſt*) That she has given a *Check* to the *Levity* of those Ladies who spend so much Time in Discourse *inconsistent* with their Duties and *Characters*: And yet, strange it is, many can commend her *inſtructive TALES* without *Imitation*, and Read 'em without putting in *Practise* their *Morals*!

I don't design a *Satyr* by this *Preface*; but would have the *Fair Sex* prove in *reality* what they *appear* to be, *Bright* and *Conſpicuous*; and make use of those spare Hours, devoted to innocent *Diversion*, in something *Inſtructive* to the *rest* of the *World*,

The Epistle Dedicatory, &c.

that *Mankind* may treat them with more Respect, by a *civiliz'd Conversation*, and the *Ladies* become more *Illustrious*.

Your devoted Servant;

B. H.

T H E

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Tales of the FAIRIES.

TALE I.

*Of the Princess Graciosa, and Prince
Percinet.*



THE Empire of the *Fairies*,
had not flourish'd many
Centuries, but there reign'd
in the *Eastern Countries*, a King and Queen,
with so much Clemency
and Justice, that they had
gain'd the Hearts of all
their Subjects. They had indeed no male Issue,
to leave the Crown to, but were bless'd with
a Daughter, perfectly made Beautiful by
Nature and Art. This accomplish'd Princess, for
the sweetness of her Disposition, was called
Graciosa. As she grew up, she became the
A Queen

Queen her Mother's Darling, and consequently wanted nothing an indulgent Parent could give her; insomuch, that her Garb was infiammable, her Diet most delicate, and her Attendants becoming one of the greatest Princesses in the World.

Among the rest of the Ladies that made up her Father's Court, was the Dutches of *Grognon*; extream Rich, but monstrous Ugly, Red-Hair'd, blear-Ey'd, hump-Back'd, bandy-Leg'd, and every way Deform'd both in Soul and Body. She bore an inveterate Malice to *Graciosa*; and knowing the Lustre of her Merits would become more transparent, by her ugly appearance at Court, thro' Envy retir'd into the Country.

In process of Time, when Fortune had run a Series of Mirth and Tranquility, it happen'd that the Queen sicken'd and dy'd; whose Death afflicting *Graciosa*, and her Father so violently, there was Reason to fear it would shorten their Days. The King had kept retir'd a whole Year, 'till at last, persuaded by his Physicians, he went a Hunting for the Benefit of his Health. Upon the Borders of his Forrest he came within sight of a stately Castle, and the Weather being extream Hot, it oblig'd him to leave the Chase, and ride there to refresh himself.

The Dutches of *Grognon* (whose Castle it was) went to wait upon his Majesty, and conduct him in. They were no sooner ent'red, but the cunning Dutches familiarly told his Majesty, that the coolest retirement in her Castle, was a spacious arch'd Vault, which she desir'd

desir'd him to visit. The King agreed, where, to his surprize, he beheld, as he thought, above a Hundred Pips of Wine, plac'd very orderly. Are th^e se for your o^mn^e Use, Madam? (said he.) For none but my Self and Family, (re^ply'd she) Will your M^{aj} S^y be pleas'd to take a Gla^s of what Wine you like best, among all these? Troth, said the King, if I taste any, it shall be *Champagne*.

Immediately *Grognon* struck with a little Silver Hammer the Head of a Pipe, and assoon came out a Million of Guineas. How comes this? said she, Laughing. Then she struck another Pipe, and cut flew several Bushels of *Lewis d'Ors*. Hey day! cry'd she, in a surprize, What means all this? Then she knock'd her little Hammer against the Head of a Third Pipe, and there were as many Pearls, Diamonds, and precious Stones flung out, as would cover the Floor. The cunning Dutchess to amuse the King, cry'd out in a Passion, That she was cheated of her Wines, by some Villains, who had in the room thereof, only left her those foolish Baubles; and seem'd to lament bitterly. What d^e y^e call these Baubles? said the King. Why, Woman, they are of more Value than Ten of the richest Cities in the World. Well Sir, said she, I own it; and must confess, there is not one Pipe here, but what is full of Gold, and precious Jewels, and they are all at your M^{aj} S^y's disposal, provided you'll consent to Marry me, and make me as much Queen and Mistress of your Daughter as her Mother was. The covetous King, neglectful of his Daugh-

4 The History of the

ter's Welfare, cry'd a Match! and gave her his Hand upon't; wherat she presented him with the Key of her Wealth, and for that time parted.

The King no sooner return'd to Court, but *Graciosa* receiv'd him with Joy, and embracing him, cry'd, What Sport, my dear Father? Sport, Child, *said he*, why I have taken alive Pigeon. Commit it then to my Care, *reply'd she*, and I will make much of it. No, no, *said the King* to tell you the Truth, 'tis the Dutcheſſ of *Grognon* whom I have met with, and taken to Wife. Here *Graciosa* cry'd out to Heaven, and in a Rage said, the Counteſſ was ten thouſand times more like an Owl than a Pigeon. Peace, *said the King*, it's my Pleaſure it ſhould be ſo, therefore prepare to receive her with the ſame Duty you paid to the late Queen your Mother.

The Obedient, but diſconſolate Princeſſ retir'd to her Chamber, in order to obey his Commands; but, alas! her Tears and Complaints ſoon brought her Nurse thither alſo, who lov'd her intirely. The Princeſſ having told her what her Father had done, Weep not, my pretty Miftrefſ, *cry'd the Nurse*. 'Twill be better for you to be Dutiful to your Father; in which you will give a nobie Example becoming your Princeſſe Nature; promise me, therefore, to comply with your Father's Pleaſure, and Time ſhall make you amends.

Graciosa promis'd ſhe would; and went and dress'd herſelf all in Green, shaded with Gold, her Hair hanging in Curls loofe on her Shoulders; on her Head was a Coronet of Jessamine and

and Roses; so that *Venus* never appear'd more beautiful.

All this time *Grognon* was striving to wash the *Ethiopian* White, by adorning herself with all the sumptuous Ornaments she could procure; and to hide her Deformity, had made use of a rais'd Shoe, Glass Eye, Bolsters, for her Back and Breasts, &c. Her hagg'd Check's, and thin Jaws, she plaister'd White, and vainly indeavour'd to hide the Redness of her Hair with a Black-lead Comb,

Whilst the King was making ready, *Graciosa* retir'd to a shady Grove, to ease her Breast with more freedom, but whilst she was bemoaning herself, she saw a Page coming to her, cloathed in Green Silk, with White Feathers in his Cap. As soon as he approach'd her, he laid one Knee to the Ground, and with a profound Reverence, said, Madam. the King your Father waits your presence. *Graciosa*, not knowing the Page, wonder'd at his Beauty, and suppos'd him to be one of *Grognon*'s Retinue. But he undeceiv'd her, and said, Tho he k.pt himself unknown, yet he was her Slave, and would never belong to any body else: Therefore let not your Highness be troubled, said he, for my Name is, *Percinet*, a Prince of Wealth and Parts sufficiently known, who to prevent the Misfortunes you may fall under by your Father's Marriage, and make you Happy hereafter, am now and then, by virtue of the Gift of *Faryism*, render'd invisible to your Highness, and every body else. However, I have always your Company, my Heart is intirely yours; and I will for ever

wait upon you for your Welfare. The Princess recovering herself from a Surprize, cry'd out, And is it you, lovely *Percinet*, whom I have so long desir'd to see? You transport me in offering your Friendship; take me into your Care, and let *Grognon* do her worst. She had no sooner said this, but *Percinet*, who had provided a sumptuous Horse for his beautiful Mistress, seated her on the Saddle, whilst she suff'r'd him to lead her to her Father, and have the Felicity of seeing his Mistress all the while.

Thus the King, Princess, and all the Nobility met *Grognon* upon the Road; but, alas! the Beast she rode upon appear'd more like a Cart-Horse, than a Nag for a Queen: So that the Eyes of all were only upon the beautiful Princess, and her pretty Page in Green; which made the ill-natur'd *Grognon* look as scwre as if she had eaten a Cart-load of Crabs.

The King took no Notice of this Resentment his Head running more on Wealth than any thing else; But when *Grognon* came nearer, and saw *Graciosa* thus glittering, and so stately mounted, snuffing up her Nose; She broke Silence, and said: What, shall that Puss have a better Steed than I? Let me rather return to my Castle, than be thus serv'd.

The King then order'd *Graciosa* to dismount, and offer *Grognon* her Horse, which was done accordingly: But *Grognon*, when mounted on the Palfrey, was ne'er the more minded. Then, forsooth, the Green Page must lead her Horse; and so the Picture of ill Looks, rode like a were Pedler's Bundle, till she came to Court: But, alas!

Tales of the FAIRIES. 7

alas ! she was no sooner theré, but the noble Steed broke loose, and ran away, dragging her with one Foot in the Stirrup, thro' Dirt and Mire, till she lookt like a Cinder Wench ; but she was overtaken at last, and taken up in such a bloody, dirty pickle, with her head bruis'd, and a broken Arm, that never was any Carted Bawd in such a Condition.

Thus they pick'd up the King's broken pieces of Earthen Ware, and carried her to his Palace, where she was put to Bed, and the Surgeon sent for. But notwithstanding her Bruises, she storm'd and rayl'd-like a *Billingsgate* ; and swore 'twas one of *Graciosa's* Tricks to pick out such an unruly Jade, only to murder her ; and sent word, That if the King did not do her Justice, she would retire home.

The avaricious King, for fear of losing the Wealth, went and flung himself at her wretched Feet, and told her, she should be at her disposal to be punish'd as she pleas'd ; and accordingly order'd the trembling Princess to be deliver'd immediately to her.

Graciosa no sooner entered *Grognon's* Apartment, but four Hags siez'd and stript her to the Alabaster Skin. Flea her ! flea her ! (cry'd cruel *Grognon*) till none of that white Skin she is so proud of is left. Now, thought *Graciosa*, I could wish with all my Soul, my pretty Page was here, were it not to see my Nakedness expos'd. So she submitted to their merciless Horse; courging with Rods as they thought, till they were weary : But the Princess had her Wish; for alas !

for *Percinet* had cast a Mist before their Eyes, and made them use only Feathers for Rods; so that when they were sufficiently tired, they flung on her Garments and left her.

The Princess retir'd to her Chamber, and feigning an Indisposition, took to her Bed, at which time *Percinet* appear'd in a Corner of the Room, and out of Respect kept himself at a distance. The Princess soon saw him, and gave him Thanks for a Kindness which, she said, should ever render him dear to her. She conjur'd him to be always ready to protect her, till she was in a Condition to give him what he so much wish'd and deserv'd: But withal, desir'd him out of Decency to retire at that time. He gladly reply'd, he would punctually obey her Orders, and increase the Respect he had for so sweet a Mistress; and then withdrew.

Now *Grognon* supposing she had reveng'd herself sufficiently, intended rather sooner than could be expected; so that in a little time she was marry'd to the King in great Pomp. At the same time her Picture was drawn, and expos'd, a Tournament proclaim'd, and Six bold Knights were to maintain her the greatest Beauty in the Universe. At every Fight the ugly Queen was present, and thought the Eyes of all the Beholders, were upon her, when, alas! they were fix'd on the immatchless *Graciosa*, who stood behind her.

When the Tournament was thought to be over, all of a sudden, a young Knight appear'd, with a Box enamel'd with Diamonds in his Hand, and with a loud Voice declar'd *Grognon* to

to be the ugliest piece of Nature in the World ; and running against the Six Knights, unhors'd them, and remain'd Victor. Then *Percinet* ex-pe's'd the Picture of *Graciosa* in his Diamond Box, at which Sight, every one knew it to be hers ; and having made obeysance to *Graciosa*, he rode away, without giving any Account of himself.

Had you seen how *Grognon* look'd at this Affront, you would have thought she would have burst with Envy. The Pride of her Heart was so great, that stamping her Feet in a rage, she turn'd to *Graciosa*, and said, Dispute with me the Prize of Beauty ! Hah ! if I die, I'll be reveng'd. Ah, Madam, *cry'd the Princess*, I am innocent, and own you to be the most excellent Beauty. No, no, Miss *Highty-Tighty*, said *Grognon*, interrupting her, it shall be my Turn next, and I'll be even with you.

The King was told what Danger the Princess was in, but was deaf to any Redress ; and so the cruel Queen, when Night came, forc'd *Graciosa* into a Coach, which, in a few Days, left her in a Forrest Three Hundred Miles distant, full of Beasts of Prey, as Tygers, Bears, Wolves, &c.

The Heart of this tender Princess was ready to break in her Solitude : She wept, she sigh'd, and spent her time in fruitless wand'rings amongst exquisite Briars and Thorns, which penetrating her tender Skin, made the Blood trickle from her delicate Limbs.

At last, overcome with Grief, she fell down, and to herself, call'd upon *Percinet* with a deep Sigh,

Sigh, when immediately all the Trees in the Forest, had lighted Tapers hanging on their Branches; and casting her Eyes upwards, she saw a most lovely Palace, built with Chry-stal, which shone as the Sun. Ah! thought she, this is Prince *Percinet's* doing; but was fearful of the Event; and thought it better to die, than to yield to Love in that Place.

Turning her Back to the Castle, she was for running away; but alas! 'twas in vain; *Percinet* overtook her more beautiful than ever: He cry'd, Ah, my dear Princess, why do you fly your Adorer? Have my good Offices made you distrust the Duty I shall owe? Comfort yourself, and let not Fear harbour in that tender Breast, which is the Closet of my Soul: You shall be happy with me in *Fairy-Land*, where the Queen my Mother, and my Sisters, will make themselves merry to see you, whom they love as well as my self.

Here *Graciosa* had nothing to say, her Senses were charm'd, and Gratitude made Silence own her Consent to set by him in a little Chariot drawn by two swift-footed *Harts*, who ran like the Wind. As they past along, the Prince shew'd her a Thousand Delicacies; as Shepherds and lovely Sheperdesses, sporting on the Downs; young Swains courting their Mistresses; and a World of Amours, and other pretty Fancies, extreamly pleasing.

The swift Courser, by this time, had reach'd the Palace of *Fairy-Land*; and here 'twas that the Soul of *Graciosa* was ravish'd with the most melodious Musick. The Queen and her Daughters,

ters, embrac'd and led her into a stately Room, surrounded with Christal Walls; at which Instant, to her great surprize, she saw an exact History of her Life to that very Minute. Recovering herself a little, says she to *Percinet*, Your Artists, Sir, are very exquisite here; for no sooner do I make the least Alteration in my self, but it's presently engrav'd before my Face: 'True, Madam, *reply'd he*, it's because none of your Perfections which possess my Soul, should be lost.

The Princess smil'd, and turning to her Majesty, had no sooner thank'd her for such a generous Reception, but the Tables were spread, and nothing that could be thought Rich, or Delicate, was wanting. The Princess fed with a good Stomach, and replenish'd herself chearfully; but the more with the Thoughts of finding *Percinet* in a Place where she might expect to lose her Life by Savage Beasts.

When Dinner was ended, *Percinet* conducted her to an *Opera*, wherein was represented the Amours of *Psyche* and *Cupid*, with a great deal of Life and Spirit, which pleas'd the Princess *Graenfa* extreamly:

The time to Rest drawing on, the Queen sent her Daughters to conduct her to Bed, attended by Twenty-four beautiful Virgins, who were to be her Guard 'till the next Morning. The Princess endeavour'd to repose herself, but in vain: She knew all was *Inchantment*, and therefore she told *Percinet*, That tho' she could not but admire the difference of Treatment she met with, from that of her Step-Mother *Grognon*, yet

yet Duty to the King her Father, over-balance'd at that time, any other Passion; and conjur'd him, as he expect'd a solid Reward of his Love, to conduct her in Safety home again; though such a separation from the Queen his Mother, and the Princesses his Sisters, might sensibly afflict her.

The Prince gave her the hearing, and lookt upon what she said to be only a Female Effort to try the constancy of his Affection. He fancied a Night's Sleep would make her forget so unpleasant a Theme; and therefore with a Thousand Adieus, left her to her Repose.

The Morning arose with the Sun, and the lovely Princess as bright as them both, when Percinet stood before her, in Cloth of Gold trim'd with Green: He knew what Dress would please her, and therefore chose Green, which was her Delight. Never did Heaven and Earth render a Man more compleat; and Nature, 'till now, seem'd imperfect.

As soon as *Graciela* saw him, she setchit a Sigh
and said, Ah, *Percinet*, the remembrance of my
Misfortunes banish my Rest, and I dread the
Effects! Madam, reply'd *Percinet* passionately,
You have no reason to fear in a glace where
you reign Sovereign! Would you quit your
Admirers, for the Cruelty of a Step-Mother?
Would you relinquish the Tenderness of your
Slave *Percinet*, for the Severities of One who is
insatiably Cruel? Ah, Madam, forget not,
forget not yourself--- I cannot help it, reply'd the Princess, 'tis the Duty I owe to a Fa-
ther, and I should be more happy, if you would
join

join with me in the same Sentiments : But, Oh-
And here she sigh'd.—

Prince *Percinet* embracing her, put a stop to her Sighs ; and as a Testimony of his Conformity to her Will, promis'd, That after Eight Days Diversion, he would conduct her to her Father's Palace.

The Princess rejoyc'd to hear these Words ? and whilst they were discoursing together, had a secret Desire to know what was transact'd by *Grognon* during her Absence ; and having notified her Mind to *Percinet*, he took her to a high Tower, built on a Chrystal Rock, on which he bid her set her Foot, and hold her little Finger on his Hips. She did, and immediately she saw *Grognon*, and her Father sitting together. She heard her persuading her Father, That *Graciosa*, thro' Pride, had hang'd herself in the Cellar ; and that there remain'd nothing but to bury her : She saw him Weep for the loss of his Daughter : She saw the subtle Step-Mother dress in a St roud, a Wooden Leg, and put in a Coffin, to deceive the King : She saw all this, attended with a solemn Procession, and with pompous Ceremony laid in the Grave ; every one condoling her Death, and cursing the Wretch that was the Cause of it ; whilst her Father abstain'd from Food, and griev'd excessively.

The Grief of the King was that alone which pierc'd the Heart of *Graciosa* ; and therefore she earnestly implor'd *Percinet* to transport her Home, to undeceive her Father.

The

The Prince endeavour'd to persuade her to the contrary ; by finding his Endeavours to no purpose, Well, said he, I must obey you ; but perhaps you may see Cause more than once to wish your self here again, tho' not upon the Account of *Percinet*, whom you thus punish with the severity of a hard Heart.

Having taken leave of the Queen, and the Princesses, and rode together in a Chariot till they came just without the Palace, the whole Building fell instantly into Ten Thousand Heaps, and was totally buried. The Naïf surpriz'd the Princess, but the Sight more ; so that she desir'd to know the meaning of so sudden a Dissolution. Madam, says *Percinet*, something *Chagrin*, it is so, my Court must be in the Grave ; nor will you ever re-enter, till the King of Terrors has robb'd you of another Existence.

Having said this they came immediately to the King's Palace. When the Prince became invisible ; but the Princess soon flew to her Father's Chamber, and lay prostrate before him. At first the King suppos'd 'twas her Ghost, and started thro' fear ; but she held by his Robes, and soon convinc'd him to the contrary. She told him, that she had liv'd in a Forrest, and how cruel *Grognon* had impos'd upon him by a mock Funeral of a Log ; and desir'd his Protection to screen her from further Danger.

The over-joy'd King caref'd his Daughter ; and sent immediate Orders to dig up her supposed Grave ; where (as she had said) all the Cheat was discover'd Yet the King was too

Effeminate

Effeminate to punish the Treachery! And when it was told *Grognon*, that the Prince was with her Father, she ran desperately to his Apartment, swearing that she would immediately have that pretended Daughter of his, or else she would with all her Riches, forthwith depart this Realm; affirming, that *Grace* was a bad hang'd herself, and that this was an Impostor.

The codle-headed King was so weak as to submit; so that *Grognon*, with a hellish Joy, had her once more in possession. She soon put her Cruelty in Execution. She caus'd her to be thrown into a stinking Dungeon; and instead of Princely Robes, cloth'd her with Canvas, made her wear a Tarpaulin Cap, and fed her with Bread and Water.

As Afflictions recollect past Deliverances, so this brought to Mind the Words of *Percinet*; but she durst not wish herself in *Fairy-Land*, nor call to him for Relief; supposing that the Love of that Prince was lessen'd, for which she might thank herself.

In the mean time *Grognon*, who had invok'd Hell for Advice, had procur'd a Fairy to assist her, ten times more devilish than herself. They laid their diabolick Heads together, and consulted how they might punish her with Tasks impossible to be perform'd by any Mortal.

The first thing the *Fairy* procur'd, was a Skein of Thread three Yards round, so thin, that the least touch wou'd break it; to which there was neither beginning nor ending.

Grognon

Grognon no sooner had it, but she carry'd it to the Princess, and said, *Here, Hussy, unraveller of this, or I'll flay thee alive*: And so left her, secur'd under three Locks.

Graciosa viewing it, took it up to find it had beginning, but, alas! her pretty Fingers, though fine enough, had broke it in so many places, that in despair she gave it over and wept. And now she exclaim'd against her Severity to *Per-miliaries*, and wish'd she had never been so cruel to *Her*. She only beg'd the Favour of him to come and might receive from her Lips her last Breath. — And 'Tis here she fell a weeping.

The tender-hearted Prince knew all this, and immediately went and stood before her, with Birds a little Wand in his Hand. *I am here*, (said he) and cannot be from the Service of my Princess, tho' I am slighted never so much. And with that struck the Skein with his Wand three times, and it immediately unravel'd. *Rever* What furrher, Madam? says he. Will you never invoke me, but in your Afflictions, to vex a Lover, that cannot take back what he has given to you? Why then will you not be happy? You delight, surely, to be miserable, because you know it afflicts me: If otherwise, what are you afraid of? — *That* your Love is not real, said the Princess: *Let Time convince me it is.* — Here the Prince took his leave; and much concern'd ather Jealousy, retir'd.

No sooner was the Sun set, but Grognon went to see if she had perform'd that Miracle; when to her surprize, Graciosa modestly presented her

the

y'd i'the Skein untravel'd to Perfection. She stifled unraveller Passion, with much ado; But told her, er, se she was an awkward Slut; that she had not kept it clean, and such-like spiceful stuff; and find a'withal bid her remember it, with two unmerciful Blows o'er the Face.

places. The cruel Beast, thus baulk'd in her first t. And At empt, swell'd with Envy, and call'd her Fa- o Per-miliar once more. She desir'd something of cruel she *Fairy* to be impos'd on the Princess, that me and might be beyond Imagination to p:form.

— And 'Tis agreed; and a large Tub was order'd to be fill'd with the Feathers of all sorts of Birds is, and in the World; so mixt together, that the very , with Birds themselves should not tell their own: , (said And the *Fairy* herself :slur'd Queen *Grognon*, Prin- that it would infallibly confound the Wit and And Patience of her Slave.

Wand Oh, how glad was *Grognon* at this News! ravel'd. Revenge put Wings to her pace, 'till she came you ne. to the Princess. The Tub of Feathers being to vex ready, *Here, Impudence*, (said she) sort these, he has and lay every Plume by it self, and not one Feather not be amiss. And so left her under three Locks as serable,

other- The innocent Virgin began her Endeavours, — That but finding them fruitless, and the Work im- possible, gave it over with a Heart full of Grief: s: Let see now, said she, (with a Tone that could break her Prince Hears of Flint) my Death is the Life of my her Je- Enemy; and I must submit. O that I should on went ave wrong'd my manifold Deliverer *Percinet*; ; when and by slighting his Love, force him to aban- nted her one me in this Condition!

The

The Words were no sooner out of her Mouth but *Percinet* appear'd, who lay hid all the time among the Feathers. Most dear Princess, (*said* he) your Troubles shall vanish by my Presence and he who is always near to you, will convince you, that he prefers not his Life to the Love he owes you. With that he wav'd thrice his Wand, and the Feathers were divide according to her Wish. The Princess thank'd him, and gave him assurance of her high Esteem. But, Madam (*said* *Percinet*) does nothing else remain? Have you taken an Oath never to resolve in my Favour? — — — She made no answer, but gave a Nod, and so *Percinet*, with a troubled Breast, retir'd at her Pleasure.

When ugly *Grognon* came a second time, and found her devilish Device baffled, 'twas thought she would have burst in pieces: And tho' she could not find the least Fault, yet, to retain her cursed Temper, did not forbear abusing her with her wicked Fists. She retir'd to her Chamber, and sent for the *Fairy*, loading her with the worst of Language, and reproach her with Trick and Deceit.

The *Fairy* at this, was as much confounded as herself. At last she comforted her once more and said, she had one Invention left, that would please her to the Life, and plague all the People in the World to find out.

In a few Minutes the *Fairy* procur'd a Box and gave it her; which, when once open'd could never be shut by any one alive; and order'd her to send *Graciela* with it to her ride Castle, and not to open it, on pain of Death.

Grognon

Tales of the FAIRIES. 19

Grogna did as the *Fairy* order'd, and dispatch'd away the Prince's with it; charging her to set it upon a particular Table in the Castle, without looking in it, as the valued her Life.

The Virgin-Traveller, accoutr'd with nothing but wooden Shoes, a Canv's Crown, and Ter-parch Cap, set forward with a heavy Heart; and tho' she appear'd so disguis'd, her incomparable Beauty drew after her the Eyes of all she met.

At laist, after many a weary Step, she fite down to rest herself in a pleasant Meadow, by a murmuring Brook. And whilst she was musing on the vicissitude of Fortune, it came strongly into her Mind to open the Box, notwithstanding so strict a prohibition. She strugled with herself a great while, but at laist gave way to her Fancy, with a Design not to take any thing out, but only to gratify her Curiosity in seeing what was in it.

Well, open'd it is, when, (O wondrous!) at that Instant the Meadow was fill'd with *Fairy* Men and Women, of all Ranks and Qualities. There were among them, great Numbers of Musicians, Stage-Players, Fencers, Dancing-Masters, Cooks, &c. and not one melancholly *Fairy* among them all. The *Fairies* of Quality were drawn along the Banks of small Rivulets, in Chariots of Cockle Shell by beautiful Hum-Birds, which made a melodious Harmony; whilst the rest Sung, Danced, Play'd, Feasted, and Revell'd wantonly about the Meadow, to the great Amusement of *Graciosa*.

At last the Princess thought it high time to call them into the Box, and proceed on her Errand; but they all refus'd. Then she ran after them, but they flew from her. When she pursued them in the Meadow, they took to the Wood; and when she follow'd 'em there, the nimble-footed *Fairies* were immediately in the Meadow.

Now she began to blame herself for her curious Indiscretion, and repented a Thousand times of her Folly. She saw a Necessity of calling upon her Prince, to extricate her out of the worst of Perplexities, and cry'd out aloud, *Ab, Percinet! Percinet! come once more and assist thy imprudent Princess, if thy Love be real.*

The good-natur'd Prince put a stop to a third Call, by his appearance. She soon saw him in his Green Cloathing. Madam, (said he) would you ever think of me, were it not for *Grognon*? — He would have said more, but she interrupted him, saying, Believe otherwise and be happy; for in a little time your Constancy shall be Crown'd, and yourself Bless'd.

Never did a Lover appear more transported with Joy at the Expressions of a Mistress, than *Percinet* at the Words of *Graciela*. He made no more ado, but struck his Wand thrice upon the Box, and the Danger was all over. 'Twould have made a Melancholly Laugh, to see how eager the little Fairies were (not an Inch long) to get in one before another. So that in an Instant, the tiny Gentlemen with their *Madams*,

dams, the Cooks with their Spits, and every one plac'd themselves in the Box, with the same Exactness and Order as at first.

Percinet then render'd her invisible; and lifting her into his Chariot, rode with her to the Castle; having the Happiness of a Conversation, which (as the Story goes) she was so far from finding Fault with, that, like the rest of her Sex, she made it one of her most valuable Secrets.

When she came to the Governour of the Castle, and ask'd for the Key in *Grognon's* Name, he smil'd, and wonder'd at her Impudence, in asking the Question. *Graciosa* being refus'd, with a severe Reprimand, Pray them, Sir, said she, give me a Line or two, to the Queen your Mistress, of your refus'd: Which he did.

The Prince met her returning, and took her into his Chariot, and drove to'ards her Father's Palace; but by the way, got this Promise from her, That if *Grognon* should load her with any more Difficulties, she would consent to his Desires.

Grognon no sooner saw her return, but all Hell rag'd in her Breast; she rav'd and tore, and curs'd her Fate, and laying hands on her Fairy, would have choak'd it, were it possible to do so by a Fairy. *Graciosa* with respect gave her the Governour's Note, and Box; but, she, Devil-like, flung both into the Fire; and 'twas well she did not do so by *Graciosa*.

And now, without the Assistance of any Devil but herself, her own Thoughts produc'd this last Project.

By her Command, a very deep Hole was dug in her Garden, and a Stone laid over it. She took her Maids and *Graciosa* along with her a walking. When they came near the Pit, *said she, to her Attendance*, move away that Stone, and you'll find hid a great deal of Treasure: *Graciosa* was the first to obey her; and which was no sooner done, but the wicked *Gregnon* push'd her in head long, and caus'd the Stone to be laid as before.

Who would imagine now, but here was an End of her? 'Twas an impossibility for *Percinet* to find her (*ske thought*) buried in the Earth; and therefore she was willing to expire with these last Words:

Ah, *Percinet*! *Percinet*! thy Revenge is just for my persecuting Delays; but now forgive me that which was the Effect of an unwarrantable Distrust of thy Affection. I die, I die, and shall with more Satisfaction, were I assur'd that *Percinet* would Sigh over me.—

Here a Noise made her start, at the opening of a little Door, which introduc'd immediate-
ly a pleasing Light. She saw presently fine
Gardens, full of all manner of Fruits, Flowers
Fountains. Grotto's, Bowers, &c. She ventur'd
to step in, contemplating with herself the issue
when looking about her, she saw the Castle of
Fairy-Land, and *Percinet*, with the Queen his
Mother, and his Sisters: The Queen approach'd
her and said, Fair Princess, consernet at last,
make my Son happy, and fee yourself from that
horrid Condition you are in;

At these Words, *Graciosa* fell down before her, submitted to her Discretion, and accepted *Pereinet* for her Husband. The Prince overjoy'd at so great a Blessing, affectionately embrac'd her Knees; and immediately the whole Palace was fill'd with Musick, and Acclamations of Joy. The Marriage was celebrated with extraordinary Magnificence, and the Court throng'd with a vast Concourse of *Fairy* Quality. From all parts of the Earth, *Fairies* resorted thither, deck'd in their richest Attire, making splendid Entries; some in Chariots drawn by Doves; some by Swans, Peacocks, Dragons, and Serpents; and others posting thither upon fiery Globes, Clouds and Meteors. But, among all the rest of the Spectators, came *Grognon*'s *Fairy*, in a Chariot drawn by six Rattle-Snakes, who beholding the Prince's with Concern, was so smitten with her excellent Beauty and Perfections, she fell down before her, and beg'd Forgiveness. The Passion this *Fairy* was in, about the cruel *Grognon*, and the Reproaches she met with at Court, for afflicting the Princess, made her so uneasy, that whilst the Marriage Feast was preparing, she remounted her Chariot, and in an Instant, to do the fair Princess Justice, flew to *Grognon*'s Palace, where she wrung off the wicked Queen's Neck, and tore her Limb from Limb.

The M O R A L.

BY this, we see what dev'lish Tricks are try'd,
 When the Hag Envy swells with Pride;
 Nor Peace, nor Rest, to Virtue will she give,
 Nor suffer native Innocence to live.

But swift as Light'ning flies,
 Meagre, and terrible,
 Down to the lowest Pit of Hell,
 For fresh Supplies.

Ever poysonous teeming Womb then up ascends,
 And empties all her infant Woes
 In spiteful Grognon's Breast,
 Whom Cruelty possest,

To keep disturb'd that true Repose,
 Which daily on the virtuous Soul attends;
 But see, how weak are all their Charms,
 Fair Graciola Smiles,
 And stands except from all their Harms,
 To crown her faithful Lover's Toils.

See, gen'rous youthful Souls, see here,
 What 'tis to Love and persevere:
 See, spiteful Wretches, Grognon's Fate;
 And learn to shun those ills, which Envy doth create.

TALE

TALE II.

Leander, or the Blew-Bird Prince, and the Princess Florina.

IN former Days liv'd a Sovereign Prince, whose Strength and Riches were so great, that he was formidable to all his Neighbours: But what increas'd his Comfort, was the enjoyment of one of the most virtuous and beautiful Princesses in the World. But this Happiness lasted not long; for in a little time the Queen died, after a violent Sickness of fifteen Days:

There was a universal Sorrow to be seen for so great a Loss; and the King having devoted himself so much to Grief, that like one delirious, he tore his Hair, rent his Mantle, and fasted eight Days.

The whole Court, fearing he might destroy himself, us'd all their Endeavours to comfort him, but their good Offices were in vain, and whatever they had done prov'd unsuccessful.

At last, a cunning, dissembling, self-ended Widow o' Quality, undertook to banish from His Majesty, a Melancholly that had brought

him to the Borders of Death. She Veil'd herself; and went and humour'd his Grief; and whilst he commended the Endowments of his deceased Queen, she blubber'd out *Elegies*, enlarging as much upon the Qualities of her dead Husband. And thus the subtle Widow lamented so grievously, that it mov'd the King to pity her, and by Degrees to forget his own Grief.

Having gone thus far, she threw aside her Veil, and with false Fire in his Eyes, put a stop to his Tears, and manag'd her part so dexterously, that the late Queen's Memory was forgot, and nothing would serve his turn, but he must take her to Wife.

Well, to make short on't, married they were, to the great Astonishment of all that heard it.

At the time of this Second Marriage, both of them had two only Daughters; the King one nam'd *Florina*, the Glory of the World; and the new Queen another nam'd *Truitone*; despicable, lik her Mother; of a swarthy, greasy Complexion, with a Freckle Skin, like the Back of a Trout; and of a Temper base as Vice could picture.

The Daughter must needs be a Jewel in the Eyes of the Original; and therefore the Queen cal'd her nothing but her charming *Truitone*, in all her Discourse. And perceiving that the secret Charms of the beauteous *Florina*, had attracted the Affection of the whole Kingdom, through Envy was resolv'd to lessen her Esteem in the Eyes of her Father, and this

she

she did daily, by false Accusations, Clamours, dirty Redicules, and other Indecencies, unworthy the Notice of the sweet-natur'd Princess, who strove to be above her Malice.

In a little time, there was News brought of the Arrival of a most gallant and magnificent Prince, called, *The charming King*. The Queen having heard the News, thought now was the time to make her Daughter *Truitone* happy; and therefore caus'd her to be deck'd with the richest Ornaments that could be got; and order'd all the brocado'd Silks, and Jewels of *Florina*, to be lockt up: So that when the great King had Audience, she having nothing left but an old Gown, thro' Modesty hid herself in one Corner of the Room.

The *Charming King* was receiv'd with the utmost Respect, when the Queen presented him her Daughter *Truitone*; but his Looks were not pleasant, he could see nothing in her to Affect him. The Queen perceiving him *Chagrin*, seem'd to take no Resentment, but attributed it to his Modesty, and so past it by.

The *Charming King* had heard much of *Florina*'s Beauty, and looking about him, desir'd to see t'other Princess, the King's own Daughter. There she is, standing in yon Corner, said unmanerly *Truitone*. The King immediately address't the blushing Princess, with so much Respect and Love, that the Queen could not forbear discov'ring some Resentment; and being exasperated highly, prevail'd with the King to confine *Florina* in a Castle, so long as the *Charming King* staid at Court.

To render all things to her Mind, she had order'd the *Charming King's* Attendance, to say every thing that was base and scandalous of *Florina*, and to make him believe, if possible, that she was one of the most sordid, ill-natur'd *Coquettes* in the Kingdom. But the *Charming King* was possest with another Belief, his Affections were already settled; and he told those that gave her this bad Character, That he had no other *Faith*, than that it was the Contrivance of herself, and deformed Daughter *Truitone*, whose Memory, much more Sight, was his greatest Torment. And that, on 'tother hand, the Perfections of the most beautiful Princess *Florina*, could only compleat his Happiness.

When they had told this to the Queen, she was in such Confusion, that she vow'd Revenge to herself.

In the mean time, the imprison'd Princess was bemoaning her hard Fate, and much more the absence of the *Charming King*, who had already possest her Heart. She cry'd and wept bitterly, and often threw out Invectives against that innocent Beauty of hers, which had thus inthrall'd her.

The Queen at the same time was also plotting how to bring over the *Charming King*, and therefore sent him some of the richest Presents in the World, requesting him to be the Lady's Champion that sent them. Among the rest was, *The Order of Love's Knighthood*, which was a Golden Heart, set with many Diamond Darit about it, and pierced with an

Arrow,

Arrow, bearing visibly this Motto :

Wounded but by One.

Likewise a Book Bound in a Gold Cover, containing the Laws of that Order. In short, there was never an Emperor before able to make such a Present.

The Charming King was ravish'd with it, and the more when he fancied it came from the Princess Florina, of whose Imprisonment he was hitherto ignorant. But when he was told, that it came from Truitone, he said to the Messengers, No : I'll be none of her Champion, it is inconsistent with my Honour to be at the disposal of those I can't fancy; therefore thank your Mistress in my Name, and take back the Presents again.

Never did Envy and Malice rage more, than in the Breasts of the Queen and Truitone: They took this Refusal with the utmost Frenzy, and would if possible have burst at the Thoughts of the Charming King's Affection for Florina. And when they saw him approach, enquiring peremptorily where Florina was, the Queen, told him, with something of Warmth, that it was the King her Husband's Pleasure, that she should not be seen, 'till her Daughter Truitone was married.

At this smart Answer, the King, with an Air of Indifference, gave both of them an unwelcome Look, and without Ceremony, left them to their own base Genius,

When he had retir'd, and had leisure to think, it came into his mind, to Bribe some of the Princess's Maids, to come to a Sight of *Florina*; and intimating this Design of his to a young Nobleman that attended him, they soon procur'd one, who promis'd to take npon her the Business.

But, ah! the Wretch was false: She gave intelligence of all to the Queen, and this brought about the first Misfortune to the *Charming King*.

Truitone, being told his Intentions, order'd the false Confidant to proceed, and tell him, That he should be bless'd with an Hour's Conversation with her at Night, through a little Window; but withal to charge him, as he va-lu'd his Life, to keep it Secret.

The King rejoyc'd exceedingly, and long'd till Night came, whilst the Queen had order'd her Daughter *Truitone*, to personate the Princess and gave her Instructions accordingly.

The *Charming King*, at the time prefixt, was conducted thither, and there in whisp'ring Accents, express'd his Affections to the Counterfeit *Florina*, which she as gladly receiv'd. He told her, he would contrive her Escape, and bestow on her two Diadems, his Heart and Crown; and to assure her of his Constancy, gave her a Diamond Ring, as a Pledge of his royal Promise. *Truitone* counterfeited Tears and Sighs, and faintly told him, she would be at his Disposal, provided it conduced with his own Safety.

The *Charming King*, pleas'd with his Conversation, had staid so long, the Day-light put him in mind to with-draw; so that he took his

leave

leave for that time, with her consent to receive another Visit from him in the same place, the next Day.

As angry as the Queen and *Truitone* had been hitherto, now they seem'd as joyful; and the Night appointed being come, the *Charming King* had got ready a Chariot drawn by flying Frogs; and repairing to the Castle, found his supposed Princess ready, at a Window designedly left open. In a Minute he took her in his Arms, and seating her in the Coach, ask'd her in what place she would have the Marriage consummated. The Counterfeited reply'd, if he thought fit, it might be at her *Fairy God-mothers*, who liv'd in a Castle not far off. Be it so said the *Charming King*, to his Couriers; who no sooner heard where they should take their Journey, but they flew thro' the Air, and in a little time arriv'd at the *Fairy Castle*.

When *Truitone* had privately confer'd with her God-mother, and told her what Artifices she us'd to bring over the *Charming King* to her Embraces, desiring her withal, to assist her at this critical Juncture; 'Tis to no purpose; (said *Souffio*) it's all but labour in vain; *Florina* has his Heart already: However, to satisfy you, I'll try some Experiments peculiar to my *Fairy Art*.

Away went *Souffio*, with *Truitone* unveil'd, to the King, who stood amaz'd to see his deformed Enemy, instead of the lovely *Florina*, whom he impatiently expected.

Sir, said the angry *Fairy*, marry my Daughter by fair means, whom you have promis'd, and given

given a Pledge. Not I, said the King; you had as good persuade me to marry a lewd Cinder-Wench. Charming King, said Souffio, be not so rash: Do you know what Respect you owe here? I will respect you as a Fairy, said the King, give me but my true Florina: Am not I she, (said Truitone) whom you promis'd so faithfully at the little Window? And is not this Ring a Witness of it? 'Tis all a Cheat; (reply'd the King) therefore come, my little pretty Frogs, let's be gone, and leave 'em to themselves. Hold, (said Souffio) ask me leave first: And touching him with her Finger, he was as it were nail'd to the Floor. If you kill me, (said the Charming King) I will not take my Heart from Florina; and therefore use the utmost of your Pleasure.

They kept him in this Posture six Weeks, using all the fair and foul means to persuade him; but Souffio knowing it impossible, once more said, Will you marry her, or not? I will not marry such a filthy Brute, (said the King) nor trouble my self with her. She shall not trouble you; (said Souffio) and therefore, for breaking your Oath, you shall be a *B L E W-B I R D* for Seven Years: With that she open'd the Window, and said. You have nothing else to do now, Master Blew-Bird, but to take your Flight.

She had no sooner said it, but he became so, in the bigness of a Dove, with an Ivory Bill, and a tuft of milk-white Feathers on his little Head; and so stretching his Wings, left Sight of the Castle in an Instant.

The

Tales of the FAIRIES. 33

The Charming King being fled, *Souffio* sent *Truitone* home, with an Account of what had happen'd : But the Rage the Queen her Mother flew into, was inexpressible. Well, (said she) *Florina* shall suffer for all his Obstinate Slights.

With that she deck'd her Daughter with the Robes of a new-married Queen, put a Crown on her Head ; and to tantalize *Florina* the more, made her wear the Diamond Ring on her Finger, and the marriage-Ring studded with Rubies, on her Thumb, which the Charming King, they said had given her.

Thus equip'd, with a vast Retinue of Lords and Ladies, they went to the Tower where the beautiful Prince's lay, and there told her, that *Truitone* was happily married to the Charming King ; and that they were come to bring her some Marriage-Gifts, which were inestimable : and so laid them down before her, whilst the fly *Truitone* discover'd in particular to *Florina*, the Diamond-Ring, which she knew belong'd to her Charming King.

The distressed Princess, believing all they said, in the midst of insupportable Grief, fell into a Swoon : And had she never recover'd, her cruel Enemies would have bless'd themselves for Joy.

The Queen, pleas'd at this Mortification, would suffer none to relieve her ; but with her Trouty Daughter, left her to the Care of her own Fate.

Yet Fortune had still a Kindness for her : In a little time she recover'd ; but spent the tedium

tedious Hours of Night, at her Chamber Window, breathing into the Air, Sighs and Tears, and bemoaning her miserable Condition, until Day-break made her retire to prevent a Discovery.

The Charming King, who had fled for some time among the Myrtle and Cypress-Trees, singing nothing but melancholly Songs, flew at last to'ards the Castle where his Princess lay; and because he would not be discover'd by *Tritone*, resolv'd to sing but seldom, and that in the Night.

He had observ'd a very tall Tree, adjoyning to the Castle, whose Boughs of Cypress came directly to her Window, and there the Blew-Bird took delight to spend his pensive Hours.

The gilded Moon appearing one Night, he saw a Lady bemoaning herself at a Chamber-Window in the following manner.

Unhappy I. that I cannot mean Death, since my Charming King, the Soul of my Life, torn from me by the lew'd Embraces of the foul *Tritone*! What greater Cruelty couldst thou inflict on an innocent Virgin, thou barbarous Queen? And yet thou thankst that Torment insufficient, since I must fall a Victim to thy unsatisfied Revenge, within these flinty Walls. O hapless Virgin, that once was thy Father's Delight, art now lost to his Memory. O cruel Fortune, cease my Grief, or put an End to thy Inconstancy, by sending me quick into another World.

The Blew-Bird heard these Complaints, and knew them to be the Voice of Princess, who had

had proceeded farther, had he not interrupted her thus.—

Ah, Madam, would you be so cruel, to put the World in Mourning for so incomparable a Princess?

Can there be any one so good, as to Comfort me thus? said she. Heav'ns! who is it?

'Tis a King, cry'd the Blew-Bird; and to convince her that he was so, flew directly to the Window, and told her all the wicked Practises of her Step-mother and Daughter; and how the Fairy *Souffio*, had transformed him into what he was, for the space of Seven Years, for refusing to marry the deformed *Truitone*. Behold, therefore (added he) your Charming King, transported with infinite Joy, to see once more his beautiful *Florina*.

The Princess, amidst a secret Satisfaction, could not forebear wondering how so little a Bird should be so great a Monarch. At which he hopp'd upon her Hand, and confirm'd her Belief, by relating every material Accident with a thousand indearing Expressions.

Had you been by, to have seen the Concern these two Lovers were in, you would have wish'd yourself a Blew-Bird too: For she stok'd his pretty Feathers, and kiss'd his Ivory Bill a thousand times, whilst he fluttering in her Breast, ravish'd it with as many Songs of his Faithfulness and Constancy.

In short, Words cannot express the Transports that past between them, for Joy they had met again: When they parted in the Morning they thought every Hour ten, till the Night came.

came. The Princess all Day was fearful that he should fall a Prey to some ravenous Bird ; and he was as anxious about the tediousness of his Transformation, and the Welfare of his Princess.

The Blew-Bird, to make the time less tedious, resolv'd to do something extraordinary for his Mistress ; so that at certain times he flew to his own Palace, and brought away Bracelets, Diamonds, Pendants, a rich Watch in a Pearl, Bodkins, Necklaces, Jewels, and every thing that was rich and valuable, and gave 'em like a true Courtier, to his lovely Princess, saying, My adorable Beauty, accept of these, and wear 'em for the sake of thy Blew-Bird. Yes, my pretty Charmer, cry'd the Princess, provided you could see me in the Day. I'll watch my Opportunity (added he) for that : And the next Day, as the Sun arose, he saw from the Boughs of the Tree, the Princess in all her Splendour. He lookt earnestly on her, and then on the Sun (for you must know he had Eagle's Eyes) and after some Dispute with himself, about the Gayety of each other, he gave it in favour of his Mistress ; who all that time beheld him with Maiden-Blushes, and every thing we call Lovely.

Two Years thus stole away, whilst the ambitious Queen was coutriving to marry her Daughter *Truitone*. She had for that purpose, invited all the neighbouring Princes ; but they refus'd, agreeing all in this Answer, That if she would offer the incomparable Beauty *Florina*, they should think themselves everlastingly hap-

py in such a Match ; but as for *Truitone*, she might live single for them.

The Queen finding all her Endeavours hitherto frustrated, believ'd *Florina* might hold some private Correspondencies with Foreign Princes ; and therefore, *Right or Wrong*, she was resolv'd to impeach her of High-Treason : concluding, that she should never succeed in her Designs, so long as the beautiful *Florina* was alive.

Big with this Project, she went one Night to *Florina's* Appartment, with her Daughter *Truitone* ; and when they came to the Chamber-Door, the Queen listn'd, and heard the following Song, which *Florina* and the *Blew-Bird* were then Singing in two Parts, at the Chamber-Window.

*Tho', my Dear thy Fate is hard,
And the Pains I feel, severe ;
Torments, which I never fear'd,
Yet our Happiness lies here :
They're but the Effects of Women's Rage,
The cruel Queen, and *Truitone* ;
A Conquest, Love does still presage,
When Thee and I shall be but One.
In spite of all their Hellish Spleen,
Thou shalt be King, and I thy Queen. —*

The Queen hearing these Words, stamp'd with her Foot, and cry'd out *Treason ! Truitone, Treason !* bursting open the Chamber-Door.

Florina

Florina, to save her *Blew-Bird*, had just time enough to let him fly from the Window, when the Queen approach'd with Fire in her Eyes, We have been inform'd of your Plots by others, (*said she raving*) but now our own Ears are Witnesses of your Conspiracy, to Dethrone your Father and I, and possess your self of his Kingdoms, you perfidicus Baggage.

Alas! (*said Florina*) who should I plot with, when I am always kept here alone closely confin'd?

'Tis so, 'tis so, Hussy; (*cry'd the Queen*) and these fine Jewels and Diamonds, are the Presents given you, in lieu of your Father's Dominions.

Amidst all this Affliction, *Florina* could not forbear smiling at such Inconsistencies. Well, (*said she*) you may think as you please, Madam; but it's very strange, that a helpless Virgin, who has been a Prisoner two Years, and not able to sustain, in a manner, her own Afflictions, should be in a Capacity to act as you have said.

How came you then by all these Fineries, *said the Queen*, more fitting for *Truitone*, than you, Gossip?

I shall say no more, but that I found 'em here, *said the Princess*.

'Tis no such thing, *cry'd the Queen*; you had as good persuade us, *That when the Sky falls, we shall catch Larks*. You must needs have some Correspondence, say what you will.

The Spirits of the Air must assist me then, *re-
ply'd the Princess*.

Tales of the FAIRIES. 39

time when but your Witchcrafts are well known to me Eyes, and your Father; and we'll take care to do others, you Justice: And so they left her to vent her s are Grief.

The Queen was as good as her Word: For of his being told, That if *Florina* had the Protection of a *Fairy*, the only way would be load her with, with fresh Severities: And so she did with a con- Vengeance.

She order'd a spiteful Wench to lye with her, and watch all her Actions; so that now her royal Blew-Bird could no more converse with her at her Chamber-Window: All her Complaints were made inwardly to herself, whilst he was as much perplex'd to see himself de- Well, priv'd of his Happiness by so vigilant a Spy.

The Blew-Bird now grew melancholly, and sung sorrowfully to himself in the Woods and Groves about the Castle. But *Florina* having observ'd her She-Spy to be overcome with tedious Watching, and that she was fallen into a deep Sleep, stole to the Window and sung thus.

*Come, my pretty, gentle Bird,
Whose Livery is Blew,
Thy Constancy is True to me,
And mine is so to you.
Then hither to thy Princess fly,
That on thee I may cast an Eye.*

The Blew-Bird heard, and knew so well her Mind, that he obey'd her Call, and flew directly to the Window, where they afresh renew'd their

their Loves, with all the tenderneſſes, and in-
dear-ing Paſſions that could be. They wiſh'd
their Spy miſt sleep eternally; but whiſt
they were in vain wiſhing, the Slut awak'd and
ſorc'd a Separation.

The Blew-Bird had many ſuch an Opportunity, for as often as the Spy fell aſleep, *Florina* would call him as ſhe had done before.

*Come, my pretty, gentle Bird,
Whose Livery is Blue;
Thy Conſtanſy is True to me,
And mine is ſo to you.
Then, hither to thy Princess fly,
That on thee I may caſt an Eye.*

But, alas! one time he had obey'd her Call, and whether the Spy had ſome frightful Dream or, the Lovers talk'd too loud, they knew not, but ſo it happen'd, that ſhe awoke, at a time when the liget of the Moon discover'd to her who ſhe was diſcourſing with. At firſt ſhe was in a Surprize, to ſee a Beautiful Bird address *Florina* with all the Actions of a Lover; while ſhe caref'd his Ivory Bill, and took delight to ſtroke his Blew Livery. She feign'd herſelf aſſlept, and by favour of that Fiction, heard all they ſaid, till their time of parting came with the break of the Day.

She had already learn'd enough, and ran with the Intelligence to the Queen and *Truſtone*, informing them of every thing that accur'd, and that particularly a King, in the Shape of a Blew Bird, held Correfpondence with *Florina*.

Tales of the FAIRIES. 41

Is it so? said the Queen, storming. A very pretty Fancy! She, who I thought was depriv'd of the least Comfort, has now all the Happiness a Heart can wish. Well, Tritone, cry'd she, we'll be quick in Revenge, and soon make her truly sensible of the Death of a Lover.

The Spy was order'd back with fresh Instructions, to appear now and then over-sleepy on purpose to make new Discoveries; whilst the Queen had order'd the Boughs of the Cypress-Tree to be hung with Pen-Knives, Razors, Tenter-Hooks, &c. expecting something Tragical to the Blew-Bird.

She had in some measure her End; for the beautiful Bird, by flying and hopping too and fro, was so lamentably Wounded, that he could scarce reach to his hollow Lodging in the Forest.

Had Florina seen him bleeding in his Nest, to have bemoaning the loss of a Life, (as he thought) which he only kept for her sake; she must have address'd dissolv'd into Tears. She had sung often, and whilst often, her usual Song, little thinking that he was taken up with nothing but Sighs and Reflections upon the severity of his Fate.

He could now and then suffer himself, with a great deal of Pain, to believe that his Princess was concern'd in the intended Massacre, and made her Peace with the Queen, at the Expence of his Blood: And this Thought was so strong upon him one Day, he had certainly laid violent Hands upon himself, had not his old Friend the Enchanter prevented it:

The

The *Blew-Bird* having told the Enchanter, (who was sensibly touch'd with his Afflictions) For how he became transform'd, and the occasion of his being Wounded, he made no more ado but by Virtue of his Styptick Charms, staunch'd the Blood, and heal'd his Wounds. Then the *Blew-Bird* (giving way to Jealousy) told him, that the Cause of his present Misfortunes, was the fair, but cruel *Florina*, who had sacrific'd his Life to free herself from a Prison.

Say you so? (said the Enchanter) O base perfidious Wretch! Learn to forget her, then and all the rest of her ungrateful Sex. Concluding, That when there is an Excess of Grief, Reason is thrown aside, Counsels are useleſs; and that every thing having its Course, 'twas in vain for him to be impatient, since the lucky Hour would come in its own time, and no sooner.

The *Blew-Bird* own'd all this; yet could not forget his Mistress: However, he prevail'd with the Enchanter to keep him safe in a Cage, the remaining five Years, that he might be freed from the many Dangers he was at present expos'd to.

The Princess *Florina* not hearing any thing of her royal *Blew-Bird*, lamented bitterly, and took on at such a rate, that she pin'd away to a meer Skeleton; and the thoughts of his being sacrific'd to the Rage of the cruel Queen, and *Truitone*, put her upon wishing every Breath her last.

During these Troubles of our two Lovers, which were cause of Mirth to the Queen; the hard-

Enchanter, hardships of Fortune began to be quite spent :
For whilst, as I said, the Queen and *Truitone*
casion were making themselves merry with their mis-
e ado fortues, the King (*Florina's Father*) fell sick,
inch'd and dy'd.

en the He was no sooner dead, but there happen'd
d him, a great Insurrection in favour of the Princess;
s, was nor would the Nobility and Commons, be ap-
trific'd peas'd, 'till *Florina* was brought from the Tow-
er, and elected Queen, notwithstanding the Me-
base naces of the Queen Dowager. Nay, they were
then, so incensed against her Administration, that
Con- they broke into the Chamber where she was,
cess of took her by the Hair of the Head, and dash'd
els are her Brains out against the Pavement; whilst
Course, her Daughter *Truitone* (narrowly escaping their
, since Rage) with much ado, got safe to her Fairy
in time, God-mother *Sonffio*.

The Princess was no sooner Crown'd, but
her Health was consulted by the chiefest Phy-
sicians; so that in a little time she perfectly
recover'd.

She then bethought herself of her *Blew-Bird*,
and of taking a Journey round the World, in
order to find him. And having order'd the
Regency in her absence, she took with her a
sufficient quantity of Jewels, and went away
unknown.

In the mean time, the Enchanter, who was
in pain for the royal Bird in the Cage, took a
Journey to the Fairy *Sonffio*, to try if he could
prevail with her to restore him to his former
Shape.

Now,

Now, you must know, that this Enchanter ~~and a Sufio~~, were old Cronies, and could command any thing of each other ; and therefore time he thought his Journey the more expedient.

However, all that he could do with her, was known to persuade her to restore him to his Shape, upon this Provision, That her God-Daughter *Truitone* should at the same time be sent with him ~~to sleep~~ to his Palace, to reside there some Months : And that if she could not, during that time, prevail with him to marry her, then he should tell me to become a *Biew-Bird* again.

Things being thus settled, the Necromancer gave ~~her~~ (whilst *Truitone*'s Equipage was getting ready) to her went and fetcht the Royal Bird, who had several times felt the Cat's Claws, want of Water, and fall of the Cage, in his Master's absence, even to the endangering his Life : So was in careless are Servants, when their Masters are abroad, ~~are in~~

However, he no sooner arriv'd at *Souffio* and the Castle, but the old Fairy strok'd him thrice on the Back with her Wand, and immediately he ~~was~~ became as he was before, the most Charming King that ever Eyes beheld ; but very uneasy at the Instances of the Enchanter, who press'd him ~~to~~ often to consent to marry the deformed *Truitone* which

All this time, the Princess *Florina*, disguis'd directly like a Farmer's Daughter, had travell'd by Sea and Land, and took many weary Step to no ~~use~~ purpose, insomuch that her tender Feet became ~~very~~ M~~uch~~ Laine and troublesome.

To refresh herself a little, she made Choice of a murmuring Brook ; and the Weather being

antering extream hot, and ty'd up her Silver Hair, com- and step'd in to Bathe her Feet. At the same before time appear'd on the Bank side, an antient Woman. A man leaning on Crutches, who called to her, to , was know why she ventur'd to bathe herself in that , up Brook, without Company.

Tru. I am not alone, Mittie, said the Princess, with him weeping, for I have all the Vexations of this months World in my Breast.

time, Cease your Fears, said the old Woman, and should tell me what troubles you, and all will be well.

Florina putting Confidence in what she said, nancer gave her an Account of all that had happen'd ready to her, to that very Day.

had se- In short; the aged Cripple told her, that the of Wa-Blew-Bird she sought for, was now restor'd to er's ab-his first Shape by her Sister Souffio; and that he : So was in Possession of his Kingdom. Take ther- ters ardore, these Four Eggs, (said she) and when you are in Distress by the way, break one at time, Souffio and they will certainly receive you. Be quick rice on your Affairs, added she; in the mean time rately hearewel—And having so said, immediate- King vanish'd.

at the Florina over-joy'd at this News, took up the d him eggs, and put them in a little Bag of Wheat Truitone which hung by her side, and steer'd her Course usquis'drectly for the Charming King's Palace.

1 by S: She had not gone far, but the First Difficul- p to no she met with, was a prodigious high and becameep Mountain of Ivory, which she must una- didly go over. She began to ascend it, but, e Choices! her Feet did nothing but slip, as often as ther be strod upon it;

In the heighth of Despair she made use of one of the old Woman's Experiments, and broke an Egg : It was no sooner done, but out drept several Cramp-Irons, which she fastned to her Hands and Feet, and so got to the top with ease.

When she was at the highest pitch, a greater Difficulty appear'd than before : For t'other side was all pure Looking-Glass, ten times more steeper. Millions of Men and Women stood before it, admiring themselves. Here all those that were Deform'd, appear'd extreamly Beautiful ; the old gouty Cripple, frolicksome and young ; and in short, every one what they pleas'd to be themselves.

Florina was no sooner seen on the top, (she being the first that ever was seen there before) but the Women screem'd and cry'd out to her, and the Men halloo'd in a frantick manner ; not so much for the Danger she was in, but for fear their Idol Looking-Glass should be broke to pieces.

The Queen seeing this, could not forbear smiling ; with that she broke the second Egg, and out came two Doves with a Chariot, which in a Minute grew big enough to hold her. She stept in, and they flew gently with her to the bottom. From thence she prevail'd with them to fly with her to the charming King's Palace. Affoon as she arriv'd within the Suburbs she dismiss'd them, giving to each an inestimable Kiss for their expeditious Pains ; a Kiss as chaste as themselves.

I am
Before
tell you

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Before she entred the City, she thought it proper to disguise herself in the Habit of a Scullion. Then she immediately enquir'd the Way to the Palace, and ask'd what place was most proper to stand and see the King in.

To Morrow, to Morrow (said they) his Majesty goes to Church to be Married to the Lady *Truitone*.

When *Florina* heard this, she fell into such an Agony, that she had much ado to survive the News.

Well, upon Second Thoughts, she overcame her Grief, and stifled her Resentments for that time; not forgetting inwardly to reproach him for his Perfidy, who was thus going to Reward her for all the Troubles she had labour'd under for his sake.

She took a mean Lodging, went to Bed Supperless and by break of Day, went to the Temple; where with much Difficulty she got in, and beheld two Imperial Thrones, one for the King, and t'other for ugly *Truitone*.

Passion had like to have made a Discovery, but still she commanded herself, and went and stood by the Throne of her Rivalless. Immediately in comes the charming King, more charming than ever, and the ugly *Truitone* as ill-natur'd as ever, tho' in a magnificent Dress: For, she had no sooner seen the disguised Queen about the snappish Beast waspishly cry'd, What estimable Trollop art thou, Hussy, that standest so near as chaste my Throne?

I am come with a great many Rarities to tell you, Madam (said the Queen) and I go by

the Name of Gammar *Souillon* : And out she drew the Bracelets, the charming King had formerly given her.

Fine Knick-knacks indeed (said *Truitone*) worth Ten Shillings the Pair ; Ha, Gammar *Souillon*, Ha !

You wrong your Judgment (cryes the Qu.) pray Madam show 'em to his Majesty.

So the Beast follow'd her Directions, and went to the King's Throne with them. The King remembred the Bracelets he had bestow'd on *Florina* ; and his Colour came and went surprisingly : But setting a good Face on't, he told *Truitone*, that he had such a Pair once, more valuable than a Kingdom, but that there were more of the same, he could never yet learn.

With this Answer she return'd to *Florina*, and said, Well, Gammar, what must you have ?

They're unvaluable, said she, yet I desire but one Night's Lodging for them, in the Cabinet of *Echo's*.

Ay, marry, and welcome, said *Truitone*, that you shall have. And so gave Orders accordingly.

By the way you must know, That this Cabinet of *Echo's* was a Contrivance so ingenious, that the softest Whisper in it might be heard in the King's Bed-Chamber ; and of this Cabinet the charming King had told the fair *Florina* formerly, so that it came into her Head now, that here she might reproach him for his unfaithfulness.

But

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But here an unlucky Accident happen'd. The King grieving for *Florina*, was grown so restless and watchful, that he could not Sleep without Opium ; so that all her Complaints, with her Bracelets, were thrown away in vain. An Accident unknown to *Florina*, and which the more augmented her Sorrows ; she being ignorant whether the King had heard her, or not. But which way to get another Night's Lodging in the Chamber of *Echo's*, she could not tell, her Bracelets being gone.

A little study put her in mind of her Egg-on't, Experiments ; and to work she went with the once, third Egg, and broke it, which produc'd a most charming Coach of polish'd Steel, inlaid with curious Figures of Gold. But that which was most admirable, was its being drawn by six milk-white Mice, harness'd with Green, having for their Charioteer and Postilion, two well-complectio'n'd young Rats, whose Livery was rich Rose-colour'd brocade'd Silk.

In the Coach sat Four of the most beautiful Puppets in the Universe. All the European Fairs could not furnish the like ; They would Dance upon a Spider's Web, and throw themselves thro' the Eye of a Stocking-Needle. 'Tis folly to talk of the Agility and Parts of this Company ; they must be well-bred, to be sure, of good Families.

The Queen was extream glad, the breaking the third Egg should produce a Rarity so extraordinary ; and was resolv'd to let *Truitone* be the first that should see it. She therefore watch'd *Truitone's* walking in the Park ; and

when she saw her enter, she set the little Mice a galloping, with the Chariot and Company after it.

The ugly *Truitone* no sooner saw it, but believ'd the Devil was coming for her, 'till she perceiv'd the Queen given them Directions.

Hah Gammar *Souillon* (said she) you have got'en a fine little Nicety there indeed ; will you take a Crown-Piece for it ?

Not I, by my troth Madam (said the Queen) nothing less than another Night's Lodging in the Chamb'r of Echo's.

Thou shalt not want that (said she) and turning about, laughing to her Maids, call'd her a silly Fool,

Having taken up her Lodging that Night in the Chamber of Echo's, she made most lamentable Complaints to move the charming King to Compassion : But the second Night was unsuccessful like the first ; the King having taken *Opium* that Night also.

Oh, what Torment was poor *Florina* under at this Disappointment ! She had but one Egg left, and if that did not take effect, she was sure to be miserable for ever. Break it she was resolv'd, and so with a mighty force threw it on the Table, when behold, instead of the Egg was found a charming Pasty, with half a Dozen Birds in it, singing in a most pleasant and wonderful manner, notwithstanding they had been sufficiently baked.

This was no sooner done, but one of the King's Pages came by, and seeing her, cry'd, Hah ! Gammar *Souillon*, if the King had not taken

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Opium last Night, you made Noise enough to keep him awake all the time.

Florina observing this, was resolv'd to strike home whilst the Iron was hot —— Hark ye, said she, pretty Page, promise me that the King shall take no *Opium* this Night, and thou shalt have all these Riches, putting out a Handful of Diamonds. — The Page made no more ado, but gladly took them, and gave her a faithful Promise it should be so.

He was no sooner gone, but *Truitone* came by with her Maids; and seeing *Florina* with such an odd sort of a Pye, eating part of it, as she suppos'd, was greatly surpriz'd for the present, as were all her Attendants.

But desirous to know what Mystery she was upon, she cry'd out, Hah, *Gammaar*! What are you at now?

I am making a Breakfast of *Physicians*, *Musicians*, and *Lawyers*, said she. At which the Birds fell a singing more merrily than before; some in one Tune, and some in another; the Doctors of Physick sung their Abilities in curing all sorts of Lunacy, but that of Love; the Astrologers, for a white Half-penny, would have told a barren Woman how many Children she should have.

In short *Truitone* was so taken with this pleasant Pye, that besides another Night's Lodging in the Chamber of *Echo*'s, she gave *Gammaar Sosillon* a Broad-Piece of Gold for it.

Florina long'd for Night, and when it came, took up her Lodging in the Chamber as usual. Having drawn from the bottom of her Heart,

a Sigh so vast, that none but a Soul like hers, could contain it, she began her Complaint in the following Words.

Is it possible, that a Princess who had no other Heart to dispose of, than what I have sacrific'd for you a thousand times, should be thus slighted at last? Can you be so forgetful as not to remember your own Metamorphosis? our Window-Amours, my Imprisonments, and many Afflictions; your Oaths and Assverations? If you can, how comes it that *Truitone* must Rival one you resolv'd never to abandon? O infatuated King! O too constant, but unfortunate *Florina*!

Every Word that she said, was distinctly heard by the King. He knew it to be *Florina's* Voice, and his Soul was upon the Rack. He cry'd out, and complain'd of the dismal Misfortunes that separated them, and laid as much to her Charge, as she could do to his.

Florina sensibly touch'd with a secret Joy that the King had heard her, cry'd out, Most Charming King! Would you be informed more of *Florina*? Have the Courage then, to send for Gamm'r Souillon.

The King sent for her according'y, and was told she was in the Cabinet of Eccho's. He went thither, and there found to his Astonishment, the beautiful *Florina* lying on a Couch, with all her usual Charms, and several Lamps burning before her, which discover'd two of the most perfect Alters Love ever er'd.

The astonish'd King approach'd her, whilst she lay trembling, tho not afraid. He saw 'twas

'twas his Princess, and threw himself at her Feet, and kiss'd her Hands a Thousand Times. The Princess fix'd her Eyes on him, and at that very instant the Memory of all Misfortunes was lost. They were Lovers indeed ; they reciprocally forgave each other, and buried in Oblivion all their Mistrusts and Jealousies. So that they wanted nothing now to compleat their Happiness, but to free themselves of the Fairy *Souffio*.

In the midst of their Consultations, advice was brought of a certain Enchanter's being arriv'd at Court. The King admitted him his Presence, and found him to be his old friend, who had brought with him a Fairy from the farthest parts of the Earth.

After a little Discourse, they told his Majesty, That they had prevented the threat'ning Danger of *Souffio* ; and that he and *Florina* might now begin to reap the Fruition of an uninterrupted Love ; for nothing could hurt them.

News was no sooner spread at Court, but the Hearts of the People were over-joyful ; and every one was pleased with the Princess, whose Disposition was sweet and affable to the meanest Peasant.

Truitone by this time had been informed of *Florina*'s being with the King, and was running with open Mouth to Reproach him, but the Enchanter and Fairy coming by at that instant, they deservedly turned her into a *Sow*, agreeable to her Name and Nature.

The Filthy Beast thus transformed, was immediately hunc'd out of the Court, to be the Sport of Chair-men, Link-Boys, and Lackies.

There remains now no more to say, but that the charming King, and beautiful *Florina*, hasten'd to consummate their Marriage Rites, and reap the Benefits of reigning not only over a happy People, but in the Hearts of each other.

The M O R A L.

When Lust prevails backs by imperious Pow'r
And fain would introduce into Loves Arms
The ugly, base, and vicious Mind,
Which knows no other Fire,
Than that which satisfies Desire,
O what like Hell can render Marriage more !
Ten Thousand, Thousand Pains, and Harms
Disturb th' unhappy Pair,
Who have no other share,
Nor any Inclination find
To Love, than Brutes enjoy, or of preposterous kind
Among all Lovers, give me one of those
Who like the charming King a Blew-Bird chose ;
Rather than let the hellish Troutone,
Be equal with him in his Bed, or Throne.
That knew his Youth could not agree
To live with such a Trout as She.
That knew his Marriage-Bed would prove
The deadly Bane, not nourisher of Love.
Would some kind Spirit now our Age inspect,
And supersede what Money does direct ;
That In'rest may not be the Guide,
The aged Sires to join
A faithless Bridegroom, or an unchaste Bride,
Instead of Love Divine.
True Hearts would then united grow,
And have a taste of Heav'n on Earth below.
Our Smithfield Bargains then would cease,
And Wedlock throw her Chains aside ;
Would relish all that's Love, and keep in Peace
The careful Husband, and the virtuous Bride.

TALE

T A L E III.

The Fair Indifferent ; or the Hobgoblin Prince and Furibon.

ONCE upon a Time, there liv'd a King and Queen, who never had any Issue but a Son ; a Boy so monstrously de-form'd in Shape and Mind, that nothing appear'd promising in him.

The indulgent Queen (as too many Mothers in this Age) lov'd him beyond Expression : So that she was hood-winkt to his ill Qualities, and thought every Imperfection in him Agreeable and Pleasing. And that he might command both Respect and Fear as he grew up, gave him the Naine of *Furibon*.

At the same time the King his Father made choice of a Nobleman, related to the Crown, to be his Governour, who had a Son nam'd *Leander*, that was the greatest Ornament of the Age, for Temper, Beauty, and Wit.

This

This gentle Nobleman was the Companion of *Furibon*; a Prince, for the morosness of his Disposition, as much hated, as *Leander* was belov'd.

Furibon perceiving *Leander* had more respect than himself, began to Envy his Happiness; and the more, since he was courted by all the Ladies of Quality, who had given him the Title of *The Fair Indifferent*; a Name which *Leander* had justly merited, by not fixing his Affections on any particular Lady, tho' extream obliging to all.

The Malice of *Furibon* increasing, *Leander's* Father sent him into the Country, not only to free him from his Rage, but that he might get rid of a rattle-brain'd Prince.

One Day, as *Leander* was sitting in an Arbour, playing upon a Flute, a beautiful Snake flew directly to him, and twisted herself about his Leg. *Leander* was going to kill it, but the pitiful innocent Locks of the Snake, seem'd to mean him no hurt.

The Gardeners were then pursuing her, and would fain have persuaded him to kill her, for some Mischiefs they said she had done.

No, said *Leander*, she has taken Protection under me, and she shall not be hurt. I will carry her to my Chamber, and feed her with what she loves best.--- Accordingly he took her up, and carry'd her to his own Apartment, where he daily fed her with his own Hand.

Furibon being told by some of his Flatterers, That the Ladies of the Court had made Satyrs upon his Deformity, and Odes in Praise of *Leander's*

Leander's Beauty, he ran with Rage to the Queen his Mother, threatening to kill himself, if she did not find out a way to destroy *Leander*.

The cockering Queen took his part, and advised him to go a Hunting with some Desperado's where *Leander* us'd, and there to kill him. *Furibon* the next Day follow'd her Advice, when *Leander* hearing the Hounds, rode out to see who it was, but finding to his surprize, Prince *Furibon* there, he paid him all the Respect due to his Quality. *Furibon* took no notice of him, but rode into the Wood with his Rusthans, when instantly a Lion made at him, and tore him from his Horse.

The intended Murderers flew, and the Prince had been that instant kill'd, had not *Leander* step'd in to his assistance, drew his Sword, and cut off the Lyon's Head. *Leander* then courteously offer'd the Prince his Horse, which he in a surly manner, without any sense of Gratitude mounted; not with a design to return home, but to ride in quest of those whom he had bin'd to murder *Leander*.

As soon as he 'spy'd them, he made a Signal, and rode off, when immediately the Villains fell upon *Leander* with great Fury, who set his Back to a Tree, and maintain'd himself with such Bravery, that in a little time they all lay dead before him.

Furibon staying some time, return'd to the place, expecting to see *Leander* dead; but finding the contrary, burn'd inwardly with Passion. *Leander* seeing the Prince, cry'd, Ah, Sir! if

you had commission'd those Rascals to murder me, I should have made no resistance: But—
But you're a saucy Fellow, reply'd the Prince; and come no more into my presence on pain of Death. So rode away.

Leander went home, and considering he had an implacable Prince to deal with, to prevent further Mischief, was resolved to Travel, and in order thereunto, provided himself with every thing necessary. However, he would not depart, without taking leave of his beloved Snake, and ordering it a sufficient Maintenance. He therefore went to his Chamber to feed it: but instead of the Snake, he saw one of the brightest Beauties in the World, among the fair Sex. At first he stood astonish'd; for her Garb was so richly deck'd with Diamonds, it dazzled his Eyes.

Fear not, said she, hopeful Prince, the Snake you nourish'd, was none but my self. I am a Fairy, by Name *Gentilla*. I live a Thousand Years, devoted to all the Merriments in the World, free from any Danger: When that term is ended, I am oblig'd to be eight Years Snake, and then resume the Shape you see again. If I am kill'd within my eight Years snakeship, I never survive again. You have ready preserv'd me from that eternal Dissolution, and I shall as lastingly acknowledge it: ask therefore what you will of me, and you shall have it, for it lies in my power to make you a magnificent Emperor, give you length of days; bestow upon you what Riches you wish; and make you the Heart and Soul of the Fair

Fair Sex. Now chuse you which you like best, be either a Spirit of the Air, Earth, or Water, or all of them, and it shall be so.

Leander admiring her Gratitude, thank'd her, and said, That as he was bent upon Travelling he desir'd he might be a Spirit at large.

With that, the Fairy stroking him thrice over the Face, said, *Then be it so, Leander, and may you prosper in all your Undertakings.* At the same time giving him a feather'd Cap to render him invisible, as often as he pleas'd to wear it.

The little red Cap, *Leander* first made tryal of : He put it on, and pull'd it over his Ears, and then wish'd himself gathering wild Roses in a distant Forrest. It was no sooner said, but he was carried thither safely thro' the Air in a Minute. He delay'd not to gather three Roses, and so wish'd himself back again.

Then he carry'd the Roses to the Fairy *Gen-tilla*, who strictly charg'd him to keep them safe ; assuring him : That One should supply him with what Wealth he wanted ; the Second, if apply'd to his Mistress's Neck, would inform him, whether she was Vertuous, or not : And the Third should preserve him from Sickness and Death. — And having thus inform'd him, she said no more, but wish'd him Success, and instantly vanish'd.

Now, thought *Leander* to himself, I am happy ; to Court I will go, and there exercise my innocent Mirth upon the ungrateful *Furibon*.

He did accordingly ; but upon his arrival, he was very much surpriz'd to hear that *Furibon* was then with his Father, complaining that

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Leander had contriv'd to murder him as he went a Hunting.

Whilst he stood hearing these Falsities, one of the King's Messengers came and carried him before his Majesty, and the lying Prince. Revenge thy self on him, said the King to his Son Furibon. But being afraid to look him in the Face, he turn'd Tail, and ran to his Mother for help.

The Queen soon posted to the King, to confer with him about Leander; and the cowardly Monkey, her Son, minding to hear what she said, had laid his Ear to the Key-hole of the Door. Leander no sooner perceiv'd this, but he put on his invisible Red Cap, and taking a Hammer and Nails that lay by him, tack'd his Ear fast to the Door.

The Boy Furibon feeling the Smart, fell a roaring and bellowing like a Hog; and his outcries reaching the Queen's Ears, she flew from the King, and bursting open the Door, tore her Son's Ear from his Head.

The Queen was out of her Wits at the Sight, the Blood ran down from his Head, as if it fell from a stuck Pig; and nothing but howling was heard.

Well, at last with much ado, the Sow took up her Pig's Ear; for Leander (who was now a Goblin) had flaug'd her Hands, and the Boy's Nose all the time: So that there was such an outcry of Murder! Murder! the whole Court rung with it, The Servants came, and the King also, but seeing nobody touch them, he thought they were both mad, or the Devil was in 'em.

Lean-

Leander in the mean time was got into the Queen's Fruit-Garden, in his own Shape, pulling down the choicest Fruits and Flowers, and throwing them about the Walks; and for any but the Royal Blood to do this, was immediate Death.

The Gardener perceiving it, went presently and told the Queen of it, who sent her Son with a Band of Soldiers, to bring him by force before her. Leander no sooner saw this, but on directly went his invisible Cap, just as Furibon was coming to him, and taking up a round Pebble, hurl'd it at the Monkey-Prince, and broke his through Arm. Then he hamper'd his Legs so fast, that he fell down among the Gravel, and mangled all his Face. As for the Soldiers, he flung all in the Queen's ripe Oranges at them; sometimes showing himself, and sometimes not: So that, they were glad to get away as well as they could.

When he had sufficiently pleas'd himself with this Diversion, he was resolv'd to leave the Queen's Court, unknown to any of his Servants; and mounting next Morning his trusty Steed Gris-Ear, de-lin, he rode 'till he came to a very spacious Wood.

As he past thro' this Thicket, he heard the most dolorous Complaints expressible; and casting his Eyes round, he saw a young Gentleman undergoing all the Afflictions of a desperate Mind.

Mov'd with this Sight, Leander beg'd the Reason of his Grief, and proffer'd him his Assistance.

Ah

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, and
any
nme-
Ah, Sir ! said the Unknown, this very Morning
is to be torn from my Embraces, one that loves
me above all the World ; and she is now pre-
paring to be sacrific'd by her Parents to Avarice
and Age, in a Castle at the end of this Wood.

Say you so, Sir, said the generous *Leander* ;
I will stay till I come back, and be confident I'll
believe you.

Leander put Spurs to his Horse, and made
out on directly to the Castle, where he found all things
as co-ⁱⁿ a readiness for Marriage, the Musick play-
ing, Trumpets sounding, and a general Mirth
ke his throughout the whole place. *Gris-de-lin* being
, thatty'd to a Tree, on went the little invisible
ngled Cap, and *Leander* was immediately a *Gob-*
ng all in

etimes. When all the Company were seated at Ta-
o thatble, the *Goblin* hid himself among them. His
they Eyes were perpetually on the Bride, and ob-
serv'd her Heart to be far remote from that
f with place. He now thought it high time to disturb
e the heir Mirth, and therefore flew immediately to
; and her Mother's Seat, and whisper'd thus in her
Gris-Ear.

acious If thy Daughter is married to that old Wretch,
is less than a Week thou shalt die !

The good old Woman fell into a Fit upon
nd ca-t ; but coming to herself, she declar'd, That
Gentle if they proceeded any farther in marrying her
despe-Daughter, she should not survive it a Week
onger.

This must needs be a great Surprize to the
his Af-husband ; however looking upon it to be but a
Whimsey of the Brain, he call'd his Wife Sim-

leton, and said, that some old, cobling Astrologer, had infus'd such Notions into her Head, and made a mere Ridicule of what she said.

Leander upon this, flyes to the old Dotard's Ear, and said :

If you will not believe your Wife, and break off the Match, you shall dye before her !

The old Man hearing this, and knowing himself unprepar'd to leave the World, without any more ado, dismiss'd the aged Miser to make the best of his Fortune, who took his Leave without Ceremony, but left a great many Curses behind him.

Then *Leander* enjoin'd the Parents to marry their Daughter to her first Lover in the Wood. Accordingly he was sent for, and married they were ; when *Leander* took his leave of them, and went in search of fresh Adventures.

Having travelled till he came to a spacious large City, he became acquainted with a certain Lady named *Blondina* ; but observing something of Levity in her Conversation, made tryal of his Rosey Experiment, and watching an Opportunity when she was asleep, laid it gently upon her Neck, when it soon wither'd and lost it's Beauty.

By this he discovered, that *Blondina* carried two Faces, and was in Love with another ; and to know the whole matter, wish'd himself one time in *Blondina*'s Bed-Chamber, where he found an awkward, Country Cat-Gut Scraper, making his Addresses to her.

In my Fairy's Name, said *Leander*, I'll not suffer this : So he took him by the Throat, and

flung

flung him out of the Window, by which Fall the caterwauling Fidler had his Teeth beat out, and his Fiddle broke to pieces.

The next Exploit *Leander* perform'd, was this:

After he had sufficiently reproach'd the instant *Blondina*, he went to another City, where he saw a Virgin going with all the usual Ceremonies to a Nunnery, but with the utmost unwillingness a dejected Face could express.

He no sooner saw her led by her two Brothers, with her Mother following after, but he cry'd out with a loud Voice, Desist you barbarous Brethren, or else 'tis Heaven's Will you shall be squeez'd to Atoms.

The Voice was like Thunder, and the People were astonish'd at it; but the Brothers persisted, and said, it was nothing but the Noise of her Sweet-heart, who had hid himself for that purpose.

A Quarter-Staff lying by, *Leander* took it up, and belabour'd them both so heartily, that they and all the Company were forc'd to retire with precipitation, and leave the Virgin with the Goblin, and her Lover that was among the Crowd in disguise.

Leander perceiving this, resum'd his Shape, and modestly requested the Virgin to accept of his Service.

The Transports of Joy she was in, to see her self free, oblig'd her to tell him in short, That having given her Heart, and promis'd to marry that Chevalier (pointing to him) who had no considerable Fortune; 'twas for that reason he

Say you so, beautiful Virgin, cry'd the generous *Leander*, their Fortunes have forsook them, and 'tis no more in their power to separate your Affections. You shall never want Wealth to compleat your Happiness. — With that he shook his Rose between them, till there was Gold sufficient to maintain Ten of the richest Peers in the Land. Take that, faithful Couple (*said he*) marry, and be happy forever. — And so he left them, wishing himself in another place.

In his Way thro' a large Forrest, he heard a Virgin cry out so piteously, that the Air did cho'd with her Complaints. Looking wistfully round him, he saw four Russians haling an innocent Virgin into the Wood. *Leander* was as quick as Thought till he came up with them. Hey day, (*reply'd he*) What hurt have these innocent Years done, that she must be treated thus? I command you to let her alone.

Yes, by all means, forsooth (*said they*) Ma Hubble-Bubble.

Well then, cry'd the Prince, I'll make you to find So he jump't off his Horse, and put on his invisible Cap. The Rogues thought he was quite gone, and had left his Horse to their Mercy, but they were wofully mistaken, for the Golbin soon seiz'd him that held her, and ty'd him to a Tree, whilst the rest were in vain pursuit of his Steed *Grifdelin*.

The nimble-footed Beast having tir'd and almost blinded his pursuers, by kicking Sand and Gravel

Gravel in their Eyes ; one of them gave over the Chase, and return'd back ; who no sooner saw his Companion in this Condition, but he fell into a Passion, and call'd him Fool, Blockhead, Puppy, Coward, and what not ? Supposing he had suffer'd the Virgin to bind him in that manner ; there being no Body, as he thought, to assist her ; giving him withal, several severe Thuacks over the Shoulders, for his supposed Cowardice.

The Goblin having sufficiently laugh'd at this Adventure, siez'd the other, and bound him to another Tree, directly before his Companion's Face.

Heav'n's ! What better Sport, than to see this Fellow rail'd at by his Comrade ? He spit at him, he hal'd to him, and cry'd out, You valiant Fellow, you Rascal, you Puppy-Dog, why don't you come, and correct my Cowardice now ? But alas ! his opposite was out of Countenance ; and having nothing to say, hung his Head like a Bull-rush.

Abricotina (for so was the Virgin's Name) having made her escape, *Leander* was resolv'd to find her out, and learn the History of her Misfortunes. His Steed returning, he soon reounted, at that instant the other two Ruffins came in, which *Grisdelin* no sooner perceiv'd, but he flung up his two hindermost Heels, and sickt their Guts out, leaving the other two Rogues to dye with hungry Bellies.

Leander having not rid far from the place, but he overtook *Abricotina*, who being weary and faint, was refreshing herself under a Tree.

At

At first sight of the Steed, she thought herself happy; for she had a strong Fancy that *Grifdelin* was coming to carry her to the Palace of Love and Pleasure, though she saw no body on his back.

The *Goblin* knew well her Mind, and riding up to her, took her in his Arms, and set her before him. Then putting Spurs to his little Nag, and pulling off his red Cap he became visible. *Abricotina* supposing him a *Spirit*, would have started from him, had not he held her fast.

Ah, Madam, (*said he*) do you fear your Deliverer?

No, Sir. (*cry'd she*;) but I tremble at the thoughts of a *Spirit*.

I am none, you may feel, (*reply'd he*) therefore abandon all such Thoughts. I am ready to carry you in Safety where-ever you please: Let me intreat you therefore, in the mean time to let me understand the rise of your Misfortunes.

To pass away the time, *said she*, I cannot in Gratitude deny the Request of one I owe so much to:

Know then, Sir, *continu'd she*, that many Years since, one of the most eminent of the Fairies was so weak, as to marry a Prince contrary to all Laws, Remonstrances, and Persuasions of the Order of Fairyism; for which she was expel'd their Society.

It fell out, that the Prince her Husband, in some time, grew sick of her Conversation, there not being an Action of his, any where, but she presently knew it; and which she made use

of, to render his Life uneasy where-ever he went.

'Tir'd with this way of living, he privately retir'd to a loansome Cell, some thousand Miles distant from home, and where, as he thought, it was impossible for her to find him, But alas ! the Project was weak ; for she was a universal Fairy, who held intelligence [in all parts of the Earth.

The Prince had not left her three Days, but she found herself with Child by him : In this condition she doubled her Revenge, and calling to an invisible Eagle, she flew with it directly to her Husband's Den.

The Fairy no sooner saw him, but she flung herself at his Feet, and said ;

Sweet Prince, behold thy Fairy Princess, whose pregnant Womb is now with Chi'd of thy own Image, be persuaded to go back with me, and you shall have whatever you desire.

Thus she lay intreating him with all the alluring Expressions she could invent : But finding him deaf to her Persuasions, and obstinately bent never to live with her more, she assum'd all the Rage of a disappointed Woman, making good this Proverb ;

*Nothing vexeth a Woman most.
But when her Expectation's lost. —*

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D.

— 'till the Cholick seiz'd her, and put her in mind of returning Home.

Well (said she, rallying once more) If I had a mind to revenge my self on thee, thou cruel One, I could immediately transform thee into a Viper, Cat, Tead, or Hog ; nay, make thee a Cucumber, to become the Excrements of a Prick-Long Taylor : But stay where thou art ; and let thy Punishment be to dwell among Screech-Owls, and other nocturnal Birds. And having said this she took to her Eagle, and in a Minute flew back to the Palace.

She was no sooner arriv'd; but she dismiss'd all her M-n-Servants, and took in their stead a certayn Race of Women, call'd *Amazones*. To these she gave strict Orders to repair to several Passes round the Island, and not to let any Man enter upon pain of Death.

Sometime afterwards, she was deliver'd of a Daughter, who, as she grew up, became one of the most lovely Princesses in the World. The Princess (continu'd Abricotina) is now my Mistress ; and all her Servants, as well as myself, by Virtue of the Power of Faryism, given her by her Mother, are never the worse for Age. You would think me but Fifteen, but also Two Hundred Years have already run over my Head ; yet still I am the same. The Island I am going to, is called, *The Island of Calm Delights* ; and my Mistress the Queen of it : Her Mother left it her, some time since, when I retir'd to her own Palace in the Center of the Land.

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But, to come down ty the Cause of my late Misfortune ; you must know (added she) That I had the keeping of all my Mistress's Birds ; and one Day, I was so unfortunate as to let fly a Parrot as dear to her, as herself. The Bird was no sooner flown, but apprehensive of some severe Punishment, I retir'd out of the Island in search of it.

Then it was that those Villains siezed me ; they hovering about the Island, with Hopes to steal away my Mistress, and carry her to an ugly deformed Prince, call'd *Frivon*, who had seen her Picture, and sent them hither for that purpose. —

And is impossible for me (said Leander, interrupting her) *to gain admission ? Is there no Way, fair Abricotina ?*

In my Opinion (said she) there is no possibility. Were it in my Power, I would effect it ; but I'm no moreable to do it, than to make a World.

I can enable you (cry'd Leander) *siffer me then, to enter with you in the Habit of an Amazon, which I can have at my Wish.*

Forbid it Heav'ns ! (cry'd she) such an Enterprize would terminate in the Ruin of us both ! Better wou'd it be to forget the Thoughts of this Island, than to entertain what will only prove anxious and unfortunate.

Whilst they were thus discoursing together, they came to the Brink of a River, when Abricotina springing from his Arms, threw herself on t'other side, and cry'd, Be happy, generous Prince, where ever you go ; and the whole

World wait upon you with infinite delight and Pleasure.

And may you, sweet Virgin (said Leander) when occasion serves, bear a remembrance of me in your Heart.

They were not parted long, but Leander was resolv'd to wish himself in the Island with her. Accordingly he put on his little Red Cap, and in an instant he was in the Palace of *Calm Delights*. He found the Palace was of pure Gold, standing upon Chryſtal, in the middle whereof the *Graces* kept Guard with admirable Order. All the Wonders of the Four Elements, embellish'd it. Not a Man or Boy was to be seen; the very Idea of that Sex being lost among 'em. But there were infinite Numbers of the most beautiful Women that Nature could mould, all gay and lively, as the Sun at its Creation. All the Walls of the Appartments were built with Diamonds and precious Stones. The Princess's Bed-Chamber, was all of Chryſtal-Glass, and ev'ry where expos'd to Sight, the Perfection of the whole World. Her Throne stood in the concave of a large Pearl, about the bigness of a *Musk-melon*, upon which she sat in State, with her Maids about her.

Leander being invisible, saw all this; and as he stood admiring the Princess, Proclamation was made, according to custom, that her Highness was going to speak; when immediately the *Graces* came, and seated themselves upon her Lips.

Looking round her with an Air of serenity, she ask'd what was become of the Nymph

Abri-

Abricotina, that she did not give her usual Attendance?

Answer was made, That she had been sought carefully, but could not be found.

There being several *Parrots* in the Presence-Chamber at that time, *Leander* presently mimick'd one, and cry'd, Dear Princess, she will presently be here, having narrowly esc p'd being carry'd away by some wicke^t Creatures, call'd *Men*, but was wonderfully preserv'd by a young Prince, that came timely to her Relief.

Just as he had said this, in the Nymph came and throwing herself at the Princess's Feet, up and told her all that had befall her; and that a certain young Prince, with all the Charms that Nature could bestow on a Man, had rescu'd her from Four Villains, who were carrying her off. A Prince (added she) who I could have brought hither and lov'd, had I not been enjoyn'd to the contrary.

The Princess being inwardly pleas'd at this Relation, ask'd his Name, and place of Birth: But the Nymph being ignorant, could not inform her of either: At which *Leander* began to talk like a *Parrot* again, saying; My charming Princess, *Abricotina* is unkind, in not telling your Highness; the strange Prince will break his Heart, if he is not permitted to see my lovely Mistris. —

Let it be so: said the Princess: And since you are so forward Mr. *Parrot*, I charge you never to speak one Word more of him.

With these Words she arose from her Throne, and with a beauteous Train of Nymphs, went into the great Hall to Supper. At her coming in, the Birds set up their little Throats, and sung melodiously.

Now Leander having learn'd to imitate the Birds in the Woods, could sing better than the best of them, and willing to entertain the Princess with something extraordinary, he sung in a *Canary-Bird's Note*, the following Song.

*All our contended, blis'ul Days,
In Melancholly end,
If Love should not find Means and Ways,
To stand at last our Friend.
Oh, beauteous Princess, then Embrace,
And nourish in your Arms,
Almighty Love, and you'll be blest
With all it's fruitful Charms.*

To hear a *Canary-Bird* Sing so much, and so like a rational Creature, must needs be very surprizing and diverting. The Princess ask'd *Abricotina*, whether she had instructed that Bird or not. The Nymph answer'd her Mistress in the Negative; but told her, She saw no reason but one Bird might have as much Wit as another.

The Princess, however, fancied she had given it some particular Instructions, and smiling to herself, took her place at the upper-end of the Table.

Supper

Supper being brought in, Leander who had eat nothing since his arrival, invisibly made use of a Cat's Paw that was a Favourite of the Princess's to pluck the Wing of a Hum-Bird out of the Dish, which he eat as heartily as if he had been at Plough.

When Supper was ended, the Princess was observ'd to be something uneasy. She rose from the Table, and taking *Abrocotina* with her, retir'd to her Closet.

Having lock'd her self in, Tell me, my dear *Abrocotina*, the Truth (said the Princess) When you gave a Description of the Prince that sav'd you, did you not flatter me, and say more of his Merits than he deserv'd?

By the sacred Order of *Calm Delights*, Madam, (reply'd she) if I had known so much of your Mind before, I should have done him more Justice, in giving your Highness an ample Character of him, as the most admirable Person in the World. A Prince, who was born to sacrifice at Love's Altar; whose Assiduities are endless; and one who is the Fountain of Honour and Virtue.

Is it possible? (said the Princess sighing) Happy, happy Girl, that didst not bring him hither, to make me more miserable!

To give you perfect Bliss. (said Abricotina) and add to that supposed Happiness of Yours, such solid Joys, which only can support the Order of Nature.

Hold your Nonsense, (said the Princess) Did not my Mother leave me, above Five Hundred Years since, large Volumes of the misera-

ble Destructions of whole Kingdoms and Nations, by the Freedom our Sex have taken with the Men ? The Precepts she has oblig'd me to follow, must I not observe ? I charge you, therefore, say no more. But, Oh ! -- said she, pausing, let us. — Let us, if possible, live, as we have hitherto done; indifferent to all the World.

Here *Abricotina* observ'd a violent Palpitation, which often rais'd her Breasts, and sent out a Sigh or two. She stood silent awhile; but at last, being touch'd with the same Fire, she broke silence; and with a little unusual Courage, (as Confidants will do) Why then, said she, did you send your Picture into the World ? Was it only to persecute Mankind twice ? What must they imagine, who are no doubt, Rational as our selves ? Pardon me, Madam. Reason must certainly tell 'em, you are a cruel Beauty, that cannot be happy, without disturbing the rest of the World.

Ah ! said the Princess, I must now own 'twas a Fault; and though I'm a Sovereign Mistress, yet by this, it seems, I have not lost the Weakness incident to my Sex. However, I could wish that Picture of mine, were in the Possession of none but the Prince we talk of.

To me it seems Injustice, to have more Respect for the rest of Mankind than him. (repliy'd *Abricotina*) otherwise you must have some innate Affection to see him.

It may be I have that Vanity, said the Princess. — At which they broke off Discourse, it being late, and betook themselves to Rest.

Alas !

Alas ! they little thought who they had talk'd to, all that time. *Leander* was invisibly there, and heard between Hope and Despair, all they said. He thought it improper to take up his Residence in the Bed-Chamber, and therefore contented himself with a little Cabinet adjoining; from which he could hear even the least Sigh distinctly.

He had not been there long, but the Princess began thus.

My beloved *Abricotina*, you have given me some Account of what you met with in your absence; 'pr'ythee try to inform me of something more extraordinary; and, if possible, drive out one God by the Power of another.

'Tis impossible, Madam, said she, they have all agreed to make the unknown Prince their Favourite.—

Pish: said the Princess. Did I not forbid you to mention him?

Madam, cry'd *Abricotina* I met with several little, tawney Creatures by the way, which exactly resembled young Children; but certainly, never was any Creature so nimble and dexterous. They skip'd and danc'd from one Tree to another with admirable swiftness, and play'd a thousand pretty Pranks.

Such a Creature I fancy, might divert me, (said the Princess) were it possible to be purchas'd.

The assiduous *Leander* no sooner heard this but presently wish'd himself in the Forrest, and brought from thence Twelve fine Apes in a Velvet Bag: Then he wish'd himself at Paris,

ris, where he bought a little Gold Chariot, and two *French Monkeys*, (for you must know there are abundance of that passive breed in *France*) the one nam'd *Briscambril*, the other *Piercewood*.

Into the Bag they all went, which, with *Leander*, were convey'd to the Prince's Gallerie, facing her Anti-Chamber, whilst he remain'd invisible at her Door.

The Nymphs of Honour no sooner perceiv'd this Curiosity, but they ran to the Chamber and opening the Door, told her Virgin Highness, that his Apish Majesty, was come to give her some Diversion: At the same time, in went the Chariot, with a great Concourie of Apes of Quality, performing such merry Exploits, that the Princess could hardly refrain Laughing; and the more, when she saw the Chariot without a Driver; little thinking that the *Goblin* manag'd the whole Affair.

The Chariot being drawn close to the Princess's Feet, *Briscambril* stept out, and bowing with a gentle Air, presented her with a Diamond Box, wherein was an Ode in praise of her Perfections, complaining of the wretched Fortune of a Prince, who was led Captiv. by her Charms, and had become a willing Slave to her Beauty.

The Princess having read it, gave a Smile worth ten thousand Worlds to *Leander*. And to add to her Diversion, *Briscambril* and *Piercewood* entertain'd her with several fine Dances.

Not-

Notwithstanding all his Mirth, the Princess could not imagine with herself from whence the Ode came. And that she might conjecture with more freedom, she dismiss'd the French Monkeys with abundance of Thanks, and took to her Closet.

The next Morning early, Leander having provided himself with Materials, he sate down before a Looking-Glass, and drew his own Picture to the Life, in an oval Frame; and then in another Frame, by the strength of imagination, drew that of the Prince to Perfection. He drew himself kneeling holding the Princess in one Hand, and in 'tother the following Motto.

Within my Heart, thou better art,

The Princess was no sooner up, but the Picture presented itself to her view. She call'd *Abriolina*, and presently charg'd her with it. The Nymph pleaded Ignorance, and declar'd, Tho' it represented to perfection, in every Lineament, the unknown Prince her Deliverer, yet she knew no more of its coming there, than the Man in the Moon. Certainly, added she, it must be the Effects of some amorous Wizard; and therefore if you would take my Advice, the best way is to burn it immediately.

A Thousand Pictures (said the Princess) it's such a lovely Picture; I had rather it should remain in my Chamber; (looking with a languishing Eye upon it).

But

Not-

But *Abricotina* running to fetch some Fire, *Leander* to prevent the Danger, whilst the Princess look'd another way, convey'd it out of sight, to the great surprize of them both when the Nymph return'd.

The Princess talking next Day about the nicety of Dress and Behaviour, told her that she would not value what she gave, to know what different Fashions were in the World, that she might make choice of one among them.

Leander having heard this, in a Day's time fetcht from all parts of the World, the richest and most curious Silks; the nicest Patterns of all sorts of Fashions, and lock'd them in a Room, of which he kept the Key. He had also gotten a great Number of Babies, and dress'd them variously, according to the custom of divers Nations, and set them over Night in order in her Highness's Closet.

Bless me! when the Princess saw them next Morning, she stood surpriz'd at the Rairity; and viewing them over with Curiosity, observed one with a little Box in her Hand, more finer than the rest. She took the Box, and looking into it, found two Pictures in it epitomiz'd, which she knew to be her own, and *Leander's*.

Certainly, said she, to *Abricotina*, some Magician delights to revel in my Palace: For this is the Second time I have seen the Picture of your Deliverer. Some kind Spirit or other, that is continually loading me with favourable Prospects.

The

The *Goblin* catching her at these Word, invisibly wrote with a Pencil the following Verses, in a little Table Book before her.

*Believe me, I am no such one
Your Virgin Fancy forms to be ;
No dev'lsh Fiend has agg'd me on,
Nor Magick Art enslaved me.
But I, a Lover just and true,
Burn in my Flames for sake of You.*

Prince GOBLIN.

The Princess having taken up the Book, and read the Verses, she turn'd to *Abricotina*, and ask'd her what a *Goblin* was.

Truly, Madam, said she, I am as Ignorant as your Highness; but I have heard say, it is a Composition of Fire and Air without a Body, and is only actuated by the Freedom of its Will, and a spiritual Existence; and such a Lover, added she, for what I know, may this *Goblin* be.

And such a one could I fancy, said the Princess, provided it were but like the Picture of your Deliverer.

Nothing could oblige *Leander* more than such Discourse; who being inform'd that the Princess was preparing to walk in the Garden, repair'd thither before her, and plac'd himself upon the top of a curious Pedestal, with a Laurel Crown on his Head, and a Harp in his Hand,

Hand, in imitation of *Apollo*, and there waited her coming.

The Princels, till now, had never known Melancholy; and that she might complain with more freedom, had dismiss'd her Maid, and entred the Garden alone, Sighing and crying, and talking to herself; sometimes standing stock still, and sometimes in a precipitate motion. In the midst of these Agitations, casting up her Eyes, she beheld the beautiful *Lander*, fix'd like a Statue, playing upon the *Harp*, and singing with his Voice the following Song.

TO what a dang'rous Port, at last,
Unhappy I am cast :
Where he, ~~who~~ thinks himself most free
From Love's enslaving Tyranny,
Unmov'd, like Fate it self remains
Fetter'd in more severer Chain.

Fool that I was, to vow and swear,
To sown a Snare,
Which once had cost my Liberty so dear !
My cold Indifferency this Clime does turn,
And what was Ice before, like Fire does burn :
So that my Nature seems
To suffer by Extreams.

Mistaken Wretch ! from Reason led,
What Whimsey did poss β thy Head,
This was the happy Ground,
Where none but Calm Delights are found ;
When

When here my peaceful State was lost,
Soon as I enter'd on it's Coast.

In vain I strive to quench that Fire,
Which never will expire,
But by its Like, — the like Desire :
So that I must remain

Hugging my wretched Chain,
Till LOVE shall make the beauteous She,
For this her Cruel Conquest, Love like me.

The Princess, tho' pleas'd with the Prospect, and ravish'd with it's Harmony, was so violently shock'd with surprize, she could not forbear fainting away. She sunk down upon a Bed of Flowers, and there lay like *Venus* expiring, with ten thousand weeping Cupids about her.

Leander no sooner yerceiv'd it, but levp'd down to her assistance ; and rendering himself invisible, took her in his Arms, and comforted her with a thousand balmy Kisses, till she open'd her Eyes.

The Princess would fain have seen her Comforter ; she lookt about her, but to no purpose ! She felt indeed, some-BODY take her very tenderly by her Hands, and kiss and weep over them, with a thousand indeating Offices. At last taking a little Courage, she cry'd, *Goblin ! Goblin ! Why art thou not really what I would have thee to be ?*

Leander not thinking this juncture proper to discover himself, left her, and retir'd to one corner

corner of the Garden. The Princess finding herself alone, call'd out to *Abricotina*, and discover'd what she had seen and heard ; and how the generous *Goblin* had reliev'd her from the Swoon she had fallen into.

And will you not Love him then ? cry'd *Abricotina*.

What, a *Goblin* ! said the Princess. Who knows but he may be a *Monster* ?

So *Piyche* thought *Cupid* a *Snake*, (said the *Nymphs*) and your *Case* is much the same. But suppose (added she) that *Cupid* himself should admire you, could not you love him ?

Yes, (said the Princess) provided *Cupid* and the unknown Prince, were one and the same. But, ah ! (said she) 'tis *Vanity* to think on't. My Mother's *Severities* would soon find me out, and provok'd for abusing so much of her *Affection*, render me for ever miserable.

Thus they discours'd together, when they were interrupted by an unwelcome *Messenger* who brought advice. That monstrous Prince *Furibon*, with an Army of Four Hundred Thousand Men, was coming to invade her Territories.

The Princess and all her Court, were in the utmost *Consternation* at this News. What was best in this Extremity, she could not tell. She dispatch'd *Abricotina* to her Mother, to implore immediate Succours ; but with no Success : For she return'd back with an Answer, disagreeable.

The *Fairy* bid her tell her Daughter, That she had wholly forfeited her motherly Protection, by

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finding
nd diffi-
, and
er from
d Abi-
by neglecting her Precepts; That she was suffi-
ciently inform'd of the Intrigues of Leander, whose
Residence at her Court, had insnar'd and captivated
her Heart; That she might take the fatal Conse-
quences of it to herself; and, That she would aban-
don her for ever.

Such a sorrowful Answer as this, from a
Mother, who was ten times more powerful than
Furibon, must needs be very afflicting. Lea-
ner knew it, and heard the Sighs, and saw the
Tears of his Princess: He was resolv'd to do
something Heroick in her Favour, and save a
Heart so precious, which otherwise would in-
evitably break.

With this Resolution, unknown to the Prin-
cess, he put himself in an *Amazon's* Dres; and
knowing Furibon to be of a greedy, covetous
disposition, went directly to his Camp, with
Project to correct him.

He told him, That her Amazon Highness
had given her Orders to inform his Majesty, that
provided he would retire home with his Army, she
should give him what Treasure he would ask.

Furibon list'ning to so powerful a Propositi-
, made Answer, That as she was a Woman,
she should have his Protection, provided she
would raise him in Four and Twenty Hours,
the full Sum of Ten Hundred Thousand Mil-
lions of Guineas.

Oh, Sir, said Leander, to count such an immense
Sum, would take up too much time; tell me, there-
fore, Sir, how many Rooms full would you have;
my Mistress, rather than give you short, will
be in a Hundred Tun more than you ask.

Will

Will she so, thought *Furibon*, then I will have all she has, or none. However, he told *Leander*, that if she would forthwith furnish him with as much as would fill Thirty large Rooms full, upon the Word of a King he would be satisfied, and never trouble her more.

It shall be done, said *Leander* in disguise, who was thereupon carried to the Rooms to be fill'd. Now (said he) King *Furibon*, you have your Demands, striking his Rose, when immediately they were full of Gold.

Furibon finding himself disappointed, cry'd out, he was cheated with base Metal, and order'd his Guards to fall upon the *Amazons* (as he thought) and kill her. But the *Goblin* apprehending the Danger, render'd himself invisible, and flying to his brutish Majesty, wrung his Neck off.

The *Goblin* having reveng'd himself of his mortal Enemy, immediately took up the Head and wish'd himself in the Palace of the *Calm And Delights*.

It was no sooner thought but done, when he found the Princess regretting the Severity of her Mother's Answer, and weeping at the apprehensions of *Furibon* and his Army.

In the midst of these dejections she look'd about her, when to her great Surprise, she saw with a Head come dancing to'ards her in the Air, which in a Minute's space was laid at her Feet.

The frightful Phiz was matter of Wonder to all there present, particularly to the Princess, who would not with all her Reason, perhaps,

wilt trate into the Cause of a Spectacle, so tragical
e told and uncommon.

In the midst of this Amusement, a Voice
large was heard, that spoke these Words:

*Cease, bright Princess, cease your Fears,
And wipe away those fruitless Tears.
The Monster now his worſt has done,
And Furibon is dead and gone.*

The Voice was presently known by *Abroco-
cina*, who cry'd out;

*Ah ! Madam, the Person that speaks to you, is
It inviſe the Prince that ſav'd me from Degræction.*

I could be glad of that, (ſaid the Princess)
if the Goblin and Prince were one and the
ſame.— To which the invisible *Leander* in-
stantly reply'd, *Let me merit more firſt, Madam.*
And towiſh'd himſelf in *Furibon's* Ariny.

He no ſooner arriv'd there, but he publickly
when appear'd in the ſame Dress he was in at *Furi-
bony's* Court. The Generals preſently knew him,
the Appear'd with Joy in their Looks, proclaim'd him
their Lawful King, with universal Acclamations
the look throughout the whole Army; which he forth-
with caus'd to march back into his Kingdom,
the Armywhilſt he return'd to the Princess-
d at her.

It was late at Night before he came there,
when the Princess was in Bed, but reſleſs, and
could not ſleep. *Leander* had laid himſelf
own in his uſual Apartment, in his viſible
hape; and the Princess overcome with Heat,
had

had slipt on her Night-gown, and was walking from one Apartment to another. At last she came to that where *Leander* lay, he having neglected to fasten the Door.

She view'd him over and over, and found him to be the very original of the Picture she had seen.

She could not believe him to be a *Goblin*, for she knew that *Goblins* never slept: And that he was a Spirit, she thought it ridiculous, for she felt his Hands and face, and twisted his Fingers in the Curles of his Hair, whilst his Soul Hunged between two Extreme Passions, Joy and Fear; Joy, for having found him, and Fear, at the Apprehensions of an incensed Mother.

Thus she stood Wishing, Trembling, Sighing, and had not the Power to be gone from him.

Is it possible for Sleep to render a Lover dead, to the melting touches of the Mistress of so many Charms? Yes: *Leander* knew nothing of so great a Happiness; and little dreamt the Princess was treating him, with all the tenderness of a captivated Virgin.

And thus the Minutes slid away, when the Fairy her Mother, who knew all her Actions, with a violent Clap of Thunder, flew directly into the Room, took her by the Hair of the Head, drag'd her beautiful Body upon the Floor, and was going to hurry her thro' the Air.

The Noise soon wak'd *Leander*, who seeing the Princess in this Condition, thought gently Mean

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Means most proper; and not to provoke a power so much superior to his.

He immediately threw himself at her Mother's Feet, and with all the compassionate Expressions endeavour'd to pacify her.

The Prince likewise on her Knees, implored her Mother's Mercy, and told her with Tears in her Eyes. That she should be guilty of the highest Ingratitude, to slight a Prince that had done so much for her; and, that she should ever enjoy herself, without the Happiness of his conversation.

You know not, said the angry Fairy, the fatal Consequences of Love: You had not been born a Slave to its Fetters, had not I wretchedly experienc'd it. Have you forgot how the King your Father serv'd me? Men are venomous Creatures, and their Charms only serve to pull us into perpetual Lethargies and Ru-

In vain they labour'd to calm the Rage of incensed Fairy, who calling to mind her own dear-bought Experience, would certainly have sacrific'd her Daughter, had not the good-temper'd Fairy *Gentilla* step'd in at that instant.

This lovely Fairy being arriv'd, she fell about the Neck of the old Fairy, and caressing her,

Dear Sister, have you forgot my Affiditudes you formerly, when by my means you were instal'd in Fairy-Land? A Thousand Thousand Promises of Requital you made me then; have I ever put you to the Expence of making good

good one of them? Forgive the Princess, yo
Daughter, now; and let her be bles'd in the Ma
riage Embraces of the most accomplish'd and go
natur'd Prince in the World; that loves her with
Constancy as lasting as Heaven and Earth.
advis'd by me, Sister, and without more ado, ex
their Souls to the highest pitch of Joy.

The old Fairy had heard her with Attention
and knowing that I gratitude was worse than the
the Sin of Witchcraft, cry'd, I consent, Gentilla
I content: And then threw off her Fury, and
took the Prince and Princess in her Arms, and
gave them her Fairy Blessing.

She immediately order'd the Marriage Rites
to be consummated; and told Leander, That
she should as a Portion for her Daughter, call
the Island of *Calm Delights*, the Castle, and
the Wonders therein; together with her A
zon Subjects, who should be bleis'd with Lo
to their Wishes; to be remov'd with him
to his own Kingdom; whither she would leave
company and live with him. And

All which the Fairy Gentilla saw perform
with great Splendour, Pomp, and Magnificence
the next Day.

The MORAL.

O ! whither, whither art thou fled,
Thrice happy Gol 'en A .
When gen'rous Fairies spend their Days,
And took aight the Virtuous Soul to raise.
Envy might then lift up her Head,
And Mischiefs dire pres. ge ;
The innocent still Guarded were,
And taught to shun each treach'rous Snare.
The FAIRIES were s. Good and Kind,
That faithful Hearts did their Protection find.

So that by this we see,
Good Nature is the first Degree,
By which we reach Felicity.

Leander found it so ; which made him take,
And harbour in his Breast th'indanger'd Snake,
By thi: he gain'd the Cap and Rose,
Wher: with he punish'd Furibon.
By this the aged Match was set aside,
And the distressed Youth regain'd his Bride :
And false Blondina's Fidler threw,
Breaking his Teeth, and Fidle too.
By this, he Abricotina relieves
From Furibon's remorseless Thieves.
By this, at last, his gen'rous Breast,
The Blest Seat of Calm Delights take Rest.

Oh,

Ch, Happy they, whose Souls are more sublim
Than what from common Nature does proceed?
That take delight to spend their flitting Time,
In chusing Virtue for their safest Guide,
And diff'ring from malicious Elves,
Remain exempt from Storins and Shelves,
Having a calm, delightful Sea, within themselv

Pri

T A L



T A L E V.

Prince Avenant, and the Beauty with
Locks of Gold.

THERE was a Time when a King had a Daughter, whose Beauty surpass'd the World; her curled Flaxen Hair, was finer than Gold; and for that reaſon she was call'd, *The Beauty with Golden Locks*.

Upon her Father's Frontiers, dwelt a come-
wealthy young Prince, who hearing of her
name, fell so deeply in Love with her, that
he ſent an Embaſſador, with a magnificent
train, to ask her in Marriage; not doubting
that the beauteous Prince would embrace his
offer: But when the Embaſſador arriv'd, and
had Audience, he receiv'd no other Answer,
but Thanks from the Princeſs, for the Honour
her Maſter was pleas'd to do her; and that, at
preſent, ſhe had no Inclination to Marriage.

The Embaſſador return'd home with all the
preſents brought the Princeſs, conſiſting of
great Quantities of Diamonds, &c. which ſhe had

modestly refus'd; but to discover something of her usual good Nature, she made Choice only of a Thousand of Pins.

At his return to Court, every one was in perplexity, particularly the King, whose Affection for her was so great, that it often drew Tears from his Eyes.

A young Nobleman then in the Palace nam'd *Avenant*, a Favourite at Court, of an admirable Wit, Shape, and Mein, talking with some of the Courtiers about this Disappointment, made flight of it, and accidentally let drop these Words. *If his Majesty had sent me to the Princess, I would have brought her to Court if it had cost me my Life.*

Favourites never want Enemies to whisper what they say. Away run one that heard him, to the King, and with open Mouth, *May it please your Majesty, (said they) Your* into *Avenant has ridicul'd your Majesty, prefer'd his* own Beauty and Parts, before Yours, and affirmtly, *That if he had been sent to the Beauty with Golden Locks she would have follow'd him where-ever he pleas'd.*

They needed not to say any more, the King Negociate Passion grew so boundless, that he order'd him to be sent immediately to be shvt up in a Castle, and there starv'd to Death.

The unfortunate *Avenant* pining in his first Condition, and expecting no relief, one Day he gave a great Sigh, and cry'd: *In what Country I offend'd the King? Would to Heaven to me his Subjects were so frithful to him, as I have been!*

At that instant the King went by, and hearing these Words, stood still, and listen'd to hear farther; but *Avenant's* Enemies would have persuaded him from it. The King was resolute, and listen'd so long 'till he wept.

Then his Majesty sent for him out, and demanded of him why he spoke those Words, and valu'd himself above the King his Master.

Sir, (said Avenant) my Accusations are false; on the contrary I would have poss'd her Princely Mind, with so many bright Accomplishments peculiar to your Royal Self, that would have persuaded her to come along with me, and be happy in your Affections.

The King no sooner heard him, but said, I am satisfy'd, faithful *Avenant*; and so took him into Favour again, whilst his Enemies fell into Disgrace.

The King still thoughtful of the Golden Beauty, it was not long after, but he sent for *Avenant* into his Cabinet, and told him, That he was minded to send him Ambassador to the Princess, and try what Success would attend his Negotiations.

I am ready, (said Avenant) as soon as your Majesty shall give me Orders.

Nay, said the King, a Noble Equipage must first be in readines.

Equipage! (said he) I want nothing but your Majesty's Letters, and a good Horse, and to Morrow I'll make my Departure.

At this the King said, *Be it so; and taking him in his Arms, rejoic'd at his Fidelity.*

The next Morning, having taken a private Leave of the King, *Avenant* began his Journey, contemplating all the way how he should bring this great Work about. Whatever came into his Head of Moment; he minuted down in his Table-Book; and he was one Morning at this Exercise at the bottom of a Meadow, by a River's Side, when he saw a fine *Carp*, which coming too near the Shoar, and by leaping at some Flies, had flung herself on the Bank, and there lay expiring.

Avenant took Pity of the dying Fish, and willing to preserve it, gently took it up, and laid it in the River again.

The Fish immediately recov'ring itself, lifted up its Head, and said, *I thank you Avenant, my Preserver, the time will come when I shall make you amends.* And so div'd to the bottom, to the great surprise of *Avenant*.

The next Day, as he travell'd along, he saw a *Crow* ready to be devour'd by a rav'ncus *Eagle*. Pity siez'd his Breast; and letting fly an Arrow from a Bow he had by Him, shot the *Eagle* thro' the Heart, and deliver'd the poor *Crow*.

The Bird no sooner saw herself freed; but perching on a Tree, cry'd out; *Avenant, thou hast done well to relieve a poor wretched Bird, I assur'd that I will take an Occasion to reward your Generosity.*

The witty and grateful Answer of the *Car* and *Crow*, took extreamly with *Avenant*, and made his Journey very pleasant. Early the next Morning he enter'd a dark Wood, where he

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heard an Owl bemoaning herself, that was caught in a Fowler's Net; and looking about him, he no sooner spy'd her, but his Heart was mov'd to release her Nocturnal Ladyship. Accordingly he cut the Net, and out she flew.

The Owl expecting the Bird-catcher's coming said, *I must be short, Avenant, you have not only my Thanks but my Heart; and the saving my Life in this critical Juncture, shall another time turn to your Advantage: And so flew away.*

Some time after *Avenant* arriv'd at the Palace where the Beauty with Golden Locks liv'd: And that he might make an Agreeable Appearance, he put on a rich embroider'd Suit, a Plume of white Feathers, and a fine Scarf about his Neck. Thus equip'd, he took with him in a Silk Net, a little pretty Dock, he had bought by the way, and appear'd with such an Air of Stateliness, that the Princess's Noblemen strove who should introduce him first,

By this time the *Golden Beauty* was inform'd of the Embassador's Arrival; and being told, his Name was *Avenant*, it run in her Mind, That it signify'd soine good Luck to her; and that he was lovely enough to draw the Affections of all the World after him.

Well (said she, to her Maids of Honour) hasten to dress me in my richest Robes, and let me seated on my Throne with great Splendour, that all Mankind may own, that I am the only Beauty with Locks of Gold.

Her Commands were no sooner obey'd, but *Avenant* was introduc'd into her Presence. At first sight of her, he was ravish'd, and for some

not able to express himself: But commanding a Presence of Mind, equal to the Greatness of his Soul, he made a most eloquent Oration; in which he requested a better Fortune from the Princess, than to return without her to the King his Master.

I approve of all you say, most accomplish'd *Avenant*, (said the Princess) and you shall have the preference of my Favours: But, by the way, I must inform you, That some time since, as my Maids and I was walking by a River's side, in pulling of my Glove, there fell from my Finger a Ring, which I valud above the World; whereupon I made a Vow, never to listen to the Offers of any Prince, 'till it was restor'd me again by the Embassador who should bring such Proposals.

Avenant was much perplex'd at this Answer; and standing some time silent, at last beg'd the Princess to accept of his little Dog, *Caper*, with his fine Scarf: But she refus'd his Offer, and desir'd him to withdraw, he having known her Mind already.

The Embassador retir'd to his Appartement, in the utmost Consternation, to spend the Night in fruitless Sighs and Thoughts; which little *Caper* perceiving with concern, said, Pray Sir Respect despair not; you are too Handsome to be miserable: Let us only by break of Day, go and walk by the River's side.

The Advice was taken, and early, with sorrowful Arms, and melancholly Looks, he and *Caper* took their Walk.

The Devours

They had not gone far, but on a sudden he heard a soft Voice calling out, *Avenant! Avenant!* He lookt about him for some time, but could see nothing: At last his Dog *Caper* peeping into the River, fortunately saw the gilded *Carp*, and told his Master of it.

The grateful Fish no sooner saw *Avenant*, but appear'd above Water, and said, *My dear Avenant, for saving my Life in the Meadow, I am here as good as my Word; take the Ring the Princess has lost, and I wish you all Happiness.*

In an Extasy of Joy, with a thousand Thanks he took it out of her Mouth; at which instant she give him a pleasant Look, leaving *Caper* to skip and leap about his Master, for Joy that he had prevail'd with him to walk thither.

To Court they flew with all the Wings Joy could give; but alas! the Princess only smil'd when she was told of his return, and thought it was only to have his final Audience of leave. But when he came to her, and presented the Ring not damnified, and demanded her in his Master's Name, she was in the utmost Consternation, and thought some *Fairy* had hel'd him Night to it.

However (said she to *Avenant*) since your little Sir Respect for me is so great, before I consent, you must do me another piece of Service; and which is, to fetch me the Head of a neighbouring Tyrant, nam'd *Gallifron*, who has ravag'd his Colony Territories, and murder'd my Subjects, because I would not consent to have him for my Husband; he being a prodigious Gyant, that devours Men with as much ease, as a Squire

cracks Nuts ; carrying in his Pockets, Field-Pieces and Mortars, instead of Pistols ; and has a Voice astonishing as Thunder : Therefore it is, that this Request of mine must be perform'd or else what you have done hitherto, is to no purpose.

So great a Spirit as *Avenant's*, had no need of much Consideration ; and therefore he promis'd the *Beauty with the Golden Locks*, to Fight this Monster of a Man ; and so took his Leave for that time.

He soon furnish'd himself with what Weapons were necessary, and the next Day mounted his Horse, with *Caper* in a Net by his Side ; and rode till he came within the Tyrant's Dominions. And as he rode along, his little Dog encourag'd him, with many diverting Promises of biting the Gyant by the Legs all the time of the Engagement ; and that nothing should be wanting in him for his Defence.

With this, and such like Discourse, they thick reavel'd till they came to the Castle, amidst then vast Heaps of Skulls, raw Heads and bloody The Bones ; and saw the Gyant stalking through his Face dismal Wood, Singing in Hoarie Tone, these saying inhuman Lines,

*Oh, how I want another Dish,
Of new-kill'd Man, that's Young and Fresh
The Marrow from the Bones I'd squeeze,
And suck the Blood out by Degrees ;
My sharpted Teeth, and scurvy Jaws,
If once they come within my Paws,*

Show

Should break my Fast with half a Score,
And stay my Dinner till I'd more.

The invincible *Avenant*, hearing the *Canibals*
Wish, boldly made this short Reply.

Here's One that will suffice you more,
Than all that thou hast kill'd before :
Thy Appetite shall soon be fed,
And I will bear away thy Head.
Thy Teeth and Jaws shall not me scare,
Therefore approach bold *Avnant* here.

At this *Avenant* drew his Sword, when the
Gyant with Scorn lifting up his mossy Club,
would be with one Blow would have dash'd out his
Brains, had not a *Crow*, which settled on his
thick Skull, pick'd out the Monsters Eyes, and
midst then flow to a Tree hard by.

The Gyant feeling the Blood trickle down
through his Face, fell into such a Rage, that striking and
shaving about him at random, it gave *Avenant*
an Opportnnity of sheathing his Sword in his
Heart, and made him lye as it were, in a pond
of Blood.

The next thing was to whip off his Head ;
which time the *Crow* put him in mind, That
she had retaliated the Kindness she receiv'd
from his Hands, by killing the ravenous Ea-

Avenant, having given the Crow many a hearty Thank, rode away with the Gyant's Head to Court. At his approach, the Palace hung with *Huzza's*, and, *Long live courageous Avenant!* And so with Triumph he laid the frightful Head, at the Feet of the Princess, which made her Blood thrill, tho' she was glad of the Prospect.

Take there, Madam, said *Avenant*, the Head you wanted, and now let my Royal Master have his desire.

At which the Princess bowing, fetcht a Sigh, and said ; Unfortunate me, that cannot yet consent to what you ask. There is (added she) a deep boggy Hole, full of poysitious Creatures, not many Miles from hence, at the bottom of which runs a Water call'd, *The preserver of Beauty and Health*, from the secret Virtue it has, in giving and preserving everlastingly, both those Jewels to Persons never so Young, Deformed, or Old. The Passage to it, is guarded by two fiery Dragons, whose Locks bring Death to all about them. However some of this Water I must have, or else I will never depart my Kingdom:

This must needs be very surprizing to *any* who had merited so much already : But *Avenant* in Obedience to her Commands, told her Master he would do his Endeavour, tho' it were to the Ruin of himself, for the sake of his Master.

And accordingly, with his little Dog *Caper*, he began this difficult Enterprize; wondering all that so many Impossibilities should be lodg'd in so chaste a Breast.

W

Well, he was no sooner in the Wood, but he saw the frightful Draggons spitting out their Fire, which ascended to the Skies in fearful black Clouds of Smoke. Pulling out the Vial in Despair. Take this (said he, to *Caper*) and when I am dead, carry my Blood in it to the Princess, and let her see the Effects of her Desire; and then go and acquaint the King my Master of my undeserved End. —

Hold, *Averant*, hold; (said the *Owl* he had formerly sav'd from the Bird-catcher's Net) Let me also do one Kindness for another; and as an Instance of my Affection for you, I'll fill the Vial with the Water of Beauty: For all the secret Holes and Avenues to it, are known to none better than my self. So he gave her the Botle, and in less than a quarter of an Hour, she return'd with it full to his Satisfaction, and sent him back to the Princeis with a Dehankful, chearful Heart.

The *Beauty with Locks of Gold*, receiv'd him Death now with Joy, and to put him out of Suspense, is Wagave immediate Orders for her Departure, and art myccordihg with great Splendour set out along with him; but by the way, took an Opportu- to onity to discover more Affections for him, than t *Averant* the Prince she was going to. *Averant* knowing old her Mind, intimated, that he could not be e to th guilty of Treachery to his Master, tho' he could aster. ove none more than so beautiful a Princess.

When they arriv'd at the King's Palace, he ddering and all his Nobles, went in a sumptuous man- odg'd ier to meet her. And the Marriage being per- formed with great Splendour and Rejoycing,

she

told his Majesty pleasantly, That if it had not been for faithful *Avenant*, she had not been his Bride: for that he had effected it, by obtaining her a Bottle of Water, which would always make her Young and Beautiful.

And truly, the Respect the discover'd to *Avenant*, drew upon him the Calumnies of some jealous Noblemen, that envy'd her Happiness so that in a little time, they persuad'd the too credulous King to imprison him in a loathsome Dungeon, where he was fed for all his faithful Services, with Bread and Water.

The Queen having often besought his Discharge with Tears, was so far from gaining it that it increas'd the King's Jealousie; who calling to Mind the Water of Beauty that was in her Bed-Chamber, it came into his jealous Pate to try if he could make himself Beautiful and Young with it. But fortunately it proved to *Avenant's* Advantage; and lasting Felicity.

For a Servant brushing down the Cieling accidentally broke the Bottle with her Broom; and not knowing what to do in so great perplexity, went to the King's Closet, and took thence a Bottle with Liquor in it, like that she had broke (but which unknown to her, had Poyson in it, which the King made use of to Poyson his Nobility with at Pleasure) and putting in the same place, left all things as she found them.

The King next Morning went and apply'd it to his Temples and Face so long, that he drop down on the Floor, and in a few Minutes expir'd.

Caper, who had often been sent to his Master, with comfortable News from the Queen, was the first that heard of this lucky Accident, and away he gallop'd with it to the Prison: Now, thought *Avenant*, the time of Deliverance draws nigh. He immediately dispatch'd his light-footed Courier to the Queen, to implore her Majesty's Compassion of his Afflictions at that juncture.

He need not have ask'd it; for she was driving to him *incognito* with all speed. When she arriv'd there, with her own Hands she unbound those Limbs which lay fetter'd, put a Crown of Gold upon his Head, &c. and carry'd him to Court, and there in the presence of all her Nobility, marry'd him, and made him their King, to the great Joy and Satisfaction of the People; but much more to the Beauty with Locks of Gold, who had now the Love of One, in whom she was satisfy'd she should be Happy for ever.

The

The M O R A L.

MANKIND nothing has to boast,
But what is *Vertuous* and *Just* ;
To keep his *Actions* pure and bright ;
And *End*, as first began his *Light*.
Th' innocent Soul will *lambnet* prove,
And be a burning Globe of Love.
Nor need such *Mortals* be *prepar'd*,
When all that's *pow'rful* is their *Guard*.
Tempests of *Envy* ne'er shall drown
What Providence *resolves* to *Crown*.
The Fair Rosetta *this* did prove,
And knew the Joys of *stedsaft Love*.

Inispid Fools that *think* to *fly*.
Th' avenging Hand, or *piercing Eye*,
Of and incensed Deity !
For he that saves the Innocent.
The Guilty *keeps* for *Punishment* ;
And when they little *think* it *near*,
That Punishment *falls* *most* *severe*.

Te Virgins now collect from this,
Vertue's the *chiefest Happiness*,
And only Road to endless Bliss.
Learn to forgive whilst *Fortune's* *kind*.
And calm with Smiles, the *swelling Mind*.
That no Revenge may *harbour* in that *Breast*,
Where peaceful Love should *lull* the *Soul* to *rest*.

T A L E V.

Of the King of the Peacocks, and the
Princess Rosetta.

WHEN the Empire of the Fairies was Govern'd by the most serene Empress *Truffo*, their reign'd a King and Queen who had Two Sons and one Daughter; Children of all the promising Aspects that could be expected. The Daughter was every way lovely, and had as she grew up, stole away the Heart and Soul of her Mother; insomuch, that a Concern for her future Welfare, put her upon enquiring of some eminent Fairies, what Fortune would attend the remainder of her Life.

They all agreed in one Judgment, and told her, that she wbuld run thro' very many Difficulties, and then arrive to a lasting Happiness; but that her two Brothers should be condemn'd to Death upon her Account.

This Curiosity in the Queen, drew a deep Melancholly upon her, which put the King upon a serious Enquiry into the Cause of her Grief. She had often put him off with prevaricating Stories, till one Day he urg'd her so close she was oblig'd to confess what the Fairies had predicted of their Children.

The

The

The Ring no sooner heard her, but was for the D
destroying the Daughter in her Cradle, to pre- which
serve his Male Issue. The Queen with Tears, ju
in her Eyes, exhorted him to save them all, Prince
particularly the young priz, pric
was concluded to consult an old Hermit not which
far from Court, and stand to his Advice in the Maj
matter. The

Accordingly, the Queen went to his Cell, ask'd
and having told the grave Gentleman the Opin
pinion of the Fairies, he sent her back, and bid
bid her tell the King, That the only Expedi
ent to save his Sons, would be to confine his
Daughter to perpetual Imprisonment. provided

Well, the Advice was put in Execution, and my
into a strong Castle she was put for her Life is Pea
And that she might not shorten her Days by so
so close a Retirement, she had now and then Vord.
the Conversation of her Father and Mother Whe
and the young Princes her Brothers. And thus living
she spent her time, till the King and Queen
fell sick and dy'd. Affairs

When every one was in the deepest Sorrow with th
for their Death, the Nobles and Grandees travel.
the Kingdom, took the Eldest Prince, and seat In wa
ed him on the Throne of his Father. main we

And then the new King and his Brother Peacock,
who lov'd their Sister entiraly, went and fetched by
her from her Confinement, with a design to at the
give her in Marriage. They kiss'd and comhousan
forted her, and gave her Sugar-Plumbs and
Comfits, as they led her to the Palace. With

As they walk'd along, diverting themselves after
with a thousand Pretinesses, the Princess lism; w

as for the Dog *Fretillon*, which had but one Ear, and
which was so Green, nothing could be Green-
Tearer, jump'd into a Neighbouring Thicket. The
Princess soon slept after him, when to her sur-
prise, she saw him barking at a stately *Peacock*,
which had put his Tail and whole Body in a
Majestick Posture.

The Princess admiring it's charming Beauty,
ask'd the King, what Creature that was. Oh,
Quister (said he) it's a Bird which we often kill
and Eat. Say you so? (cry'd she) I'll take it
expeditio Court with me; so delicate a Bird deserves
more pity: And for my part, I'll dye a Virgin
provided I can't have the King of the *Peacocks*
an, and my Husband. And where shall we find
Life is *Peacock* Majesty? (reply'd he) Nay, nay,
ays bye you to that, (said she) I'll keep to my
then Vord.

Mother When they came to Court, her two Brothers
and thaving resolv'd, if possible, to find out the
Queening of the *Peacocks*, left the Administration of
Affairs in the Hands of their Sister, and having
Sorrow with them her Picture, betook themselves to
travel.

In vain they took many a weary Step, and in
ain were their Enquiries after the King of the
Brothers *Peacocks*, till they came to a certain place, inha-
d fetched by none but *Locusts*. Here they were told
sign to at the King they were in search of, liv'd a
nd com thousand Leagues Southward from that Coun-
mbs ancy.

With this Information they took their leave,
emselves after some few Days, arriv'd in that King-
ness him; where they found *Peacocks* in infinite
Numbers,

Numbers, perching upon every Tree they met. The King said to his Brother, Certainly if the King of this Country should prove a *Peacock* himself, how ridiculous will it be, to suffer ourselves to be ally'd to him ; and to have our Sister bring forth *Pea-Chickens*, instead of Children ?

But when they came to the Metropolis of the Kingdom, instead of *Peacocks*, nothing was seen but Men and Women, deck'd with Peacock's Feathers. They found the King of the Place riding in a Gold Chariot, in a magnificent Dress, with a Peacock's Tail powder'd with Diamonds in his Crown.

As soon as he saw the two strange Princes, he sent and demanded their Business. They inform'd his Majesty, That they had brought him a Picture of the greatest Beauty in the World ; a Princess by Birth, and their Sister who had made a solemn Vow to marry no but himself, and with whom they would give a Hundred Tun of Gold.

The King smitten with the Picture, began to question the Original, and said, if she appear'd agreeable to the Picture, which he would keep by him 'till they sent for her, he would gladly marry her ; but if, upon her Arrival, prov'd otherwise, that then they should both be Executed as Cheats. And accordingly they threw both in Custody, to wait the coming of their Sister.

Upon this, Dispatches were sent forthwith to put the Princess on her Departure. She sooner was told of it, but she leap'd for Joy

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It is not very difficult to tempt a coveteus
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woul
a. The Persuasions of the Nurse, back'd by
val, a
Bowl of Punch, or two, soon werk'd him fit
d bot
ngly p
y threw the innocent Princess, Bed and all,
ming
she lay asleep, with her little Dog by her,
to an unmerciful Sea.

Happy was it for the Princess Rosetta, that
her Bed was made of *Phenix* Feathers, which
for joy have such a peculiar Virtue in them, that they
will

will never sink. The Princess had not been long over-board, but the Sea began to penetrate ^{By} the Ticking of her Bed, and come to her delicate Body: At last the violence of the Wave ^{tw} wak'd her little Dog, who seeing the Fish swim ^{up} about him, bark'd so loud, that his Master ^{and} wak'd also, but with no other Thought, than ^{the} ^{Grina} that the Ship was toss'd violently by the Wave.

By this time the Vessel was close the Shore, ^{The} where a hundred Coaches waited the Landing ^{of} the Princess. Among the rest, was her ^{But wh} dy-Coach, of an inestimable Value, drawn ^{of the} by six fine Limb'd Apes, with a Noble Train ^{triump} beautiful Virgins, to conduct her to the Palace. ^{Tis n}

Thus Preparation was made for the Reception ^{of Rosetta} of the King's side, whilst the ^{but did her} Nurse had dress'd her ugly Daughter in the ^{the} Habit of the Princess, and carry'd her ashore: But ^{the} order when the King's Servants saw her, they ^{the} Captain ^{at the} their Breasts, and stood amaz'd at her ^{form} ^{throw} What ^(said she) is the reason of these Fellowes ^{stupidity?} See how the Block-heads stand ^{ought} Fetch me some dainty Refreshments, Sirra ^{The K} or I'll have you all flead alive. ^{emselves}

This Language of the filthy Beast, struck ^{that wh} all with Horrour: So that without much ^{as threa} remony, they carry'd the ^{the} ^{of} ^{her} ^{the} ^{whose Su} Princess, with the Nurse of her Mother, and the unmannly Sailor to the King's Palace: But never was People hiss'd ^{them} ^{wou} like these. Nay, the very Peacocks themselves, ^{wou} as they went along, scriem'd cut horrid ⁱⁿ ^{The Ki} Clives against the Counterfeit Princess, ^{and was} ^{ry: b} was so angry, that she could have kill'd ^{the} ^{inister} herself, had not they flown away.

By this time the King was told, that they were entring his Palace. Well, (*said he*) have we two Brothers spoke Truth or not? Is she not such a beautiful Person as they have represent'd? And having said this, he saw the shame, the Prince is among the Crowd, who made ugly Grimaces and Gestures at the sight of her.

The King at first thought this Behaviour of hers, was occasion'd by some onylandish Beast; but when he found her to be the very Reverse of the Picture that was carry'd before him in triumph, he soon perceiv'd his Error.

Tis not easy to imagin the Consternation his Majesty was in at the sight of her. Have they said he thus impos'd upon me! Well, they shall pay for't; and let these suffer also. With that order'd the Mother, Daughter, and flinty Captain, to be immediately imprison'd; and forming at the two Princes already in custody, should be thrown into a deep Dungeon, till they were brought to Execution.

The King, and the Prince his Brother, seeing themselves in danger, remonstrated to the King, that what they had affirmed was true: That such a threatening to put them to Death, was a Necessity of Indiscretion; and that the Eldest of them was a King rich and powerful as himself, whose Subjects, no doubt, who always lov'd him, would soon make him repent his Rashness.

The King hearing this, began to be afraid; and was once in the mind to set them at Liberty; but a Rogue of a Court-Flatterer; a Minister of State, persuaded his Majesty, That he

he would become the Banter of all despots of ill
Princes, if he did not, Right or Wrong, ex-
cuse them according to his Word,

Immediately Gibbets were erected; and the ^{other} ~~li~~
was but an Ace between their Living and Dying,
when the eldest Prince, by the assistance ^{of} Dress
of a moderate *Musti* then present, prevail'd with
the King to respite Judgment for seven Day ^{Cotta}
assuring his Majesty, That in that time, Misfor-
should be able to convince him of some May, st
stake in the matter.

Things thus carried on at Court, the d, strait
sed Princess *Rosetta*, who had lain Eight ^{at} King
Forty Hours floating betwixt Hope and Des-
pair, was almost starv'd with Hunger ^{and} my litt
Cold: And certainly she had suffer'd Famine to
had not her faithful Dog div'd and brought out
her Muscles, Cockles, Shrimps, and Oysters, ^{of} The
which Necessity made her feed heartily. *Alesscry*
said she, would I were under my former Confinement!
Better had I never seen a Peacock ^{away} ~~in~~
Surely the King of the Peacocks has reveng'd him-
himself on me, for being so weak as to discon^{tem} ~~tem~~
my Affection for him before-hand. —

Thus she exclaim'd against the severity ^{Naples-}
her Fate, 'till Time and Tide were so mercif. ^{When}
as to throw her ashore, not far distant from servants
old Fisherman's Cottage, where he liv'd a ^{that in a} litt
Life. The Dog soon jump'd on the ^{was take} Land, and bark'd loud enough to reach the Well,
Man's Ears, who presently run out to see what upper,
was the matter when to his surprize, he fou Accor-
the Princess compassionately crying out the On
Help, He saw by the rich Bed, that she ^{mis}treß.

pot of illustrious Birth, and therefore immediately
g, exump'd in, and drew her out.

He soon carry'd her Home, accompanied by
d the dear little dog; and with some holsome, tho'
nd Dromely Cleaths of his Daughter, put her in the
istant Dress of a Shepherdess. After he had warm'd
d winter by the Fire, and made her Eat what his
n Da Cottage afforded, he ask'd the Cause of her
ine, Misfortunes, which upon his promising Secre-
ne May, she told him from the beginning to the
ind. The old Man having heard all with a
d, streat deal of Attention, was for informing the
ght at King of the Peacock, and fetch her some Dain-
and Dishes from his Table; but she forbid it and said;
ger and My little Dog *Fretillon*, will be more servicea-
Fainable to us, if you will but hang a little Basket
broug about his Neck.

The Fisherman did as she said, and the Prin-
y. Alas cry'd, Get thee gone, and fetch me some-
her Coming out of the best Pot in the King's Kitchi.
Peacock away run *Fretillon* and watching his Opportu-
revene, took away a Dozen of Quails, and brought
discover them to his Mistress. She sent him again, and
then he return'd loaden with Citron-Water,
Japles-Bisket, and preserv'd Fruits.

When his Peacock Majesty was to Dine, the
ervants were at a loss for the Provision: So
hat in a fright, they told the King, his Dinner
as taken from them they knew not how.

Well, said he frowning. see that I have my
upper, or else Death shall be your Portion.

Accordingly they made Provision for it, but
the One-Ear'd Doy had carried it all to his
Mistress. So that the King having fasted since
Morning,

Morning, grew raving mad at this Disappointment; and
ment, and was forc'd to go to Bed Supper-ther,
less.

Well, he was served so three Days together, till his Mufti had privately watch'd and dis-
cover'd how the Victuals was carried off, and all her
who having follow'd the Dog, unobtriv'd to explore
the Fisherman's Cottage, was return'd to tell The
his Majesty of it.

Immediately Messengers were sent thither, where they found the old Man and the Prince
feeding on His Majesty's Provisions as Heartily
as if they were their own.

They presently carry'd them, with the Dog to Court. And the next Day being the same Day
that the Princess Rosetta's Brothers were to live as for the
the King order'd all the Prisoners to be brought into the Hall of Justice, so that they might be
into the Hall of Justice, so that they might be
together: But when the King saw the admirable Beauty of disconsolate Rosetta, his Heart
sunk within him; and knowing the Picture he had was like her, stood silent for The
time, till the old Man with bended Knees, declar'd her to be the True Princess Rosetta, whom the cruel Nurse had committed to the Waves.

Bless me! At this News the Hungry King
became as hearty as if he had eaten a Tun of Jelly-Broth; so that flying instantly from the Throne, he caught her tenderly in his Arms and declar'd her his Queen, and that he lov'd her more than his Life.

In the mean time, her Brothers, the Nurse, the Daughter, and the Sea-Captain, were co-

oint in ; at which time they all knowing one another, the Princess fell upon her Brothers Necks, and embraced them, whilst they wept for Joy. The wicked Nurse, and her Accomplice, perceiving themselves discover'd, surrender'd up all her Portion, and fell on their Knees to implore Mercy:

The Peacock King, deaf to their Intreaties, would have sacrific'd them to his Wrath, had not the good-natur'd Princess forgave them, and persuaded the King to do the same. She also settled an Estate upon the Old Fisherman, creating him Knight of the most noble Order of the *Dolphins* ; and Vice-Admiral of the Seas. As for her little Dog, he was in great Favour at Court, lay always at the Feet of the Queen's Chamberlain, had a Table every Day serv'd him with the Legs and Wings of the daintiest Birds, and took the Right-Hand of all the Dogs of Quality.

The Marriage was perform'd the next Day, in the Presence of her Brothers, who return'd home extreamly satisfy'd ; and nothing was heard and seen for a Year together, but publick demonstrations of Joy, for the King of the Peacocks being marry'd to the incomparable beauty, the Princess Rosetta ; who liv'd many years afterwards, with all the Blessings they could wish for,

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The M O R A L.

THE Soul that's perfect, loves to see
 Its Lustre thro' Humility;
 That Looking Glass, in which we find
 The Smiles of a contented Mind:
 That baffles all the Scorns of Fate,
 And ridicules the proud Man's State:
 That leads to Happiness at last,
 And makes Amends for what is past.

Brilliant had such a Soul, whose Aim
 Was to become a virtuous Dame:
 She knew that Riches would take flight,
 And Beauty vanish out of sight;
 This made her chuse substantial Wit,
 And Virtue to preside o'er it.

Ye British Lovers, learn from hence,
 A Shape and Mien han't always Sense;
 The beauteous Fair may have a Soul
 That is most monstrous, and foul;
 And that the Cripple may be blest
 With a strait Soul, which leads to rest.

TALE VI.

The Golden Branch: Or, Prince Nonpareil, and the Princess Brilliant.

UPON the Death of Queen *Gentilla*, an illnature'd Prince ascended the Throne, whose implacable Disposition had procur'd him to be nicknam'd the *Brown King*. He had a Son nam'd *Tortieuli*, monstrously deform'd in Body, but possess'd with a Soul every way agreeable and pleasing.

The King his Father had pitch'd upon the Daughter of a neighbouring Prince to be his Wife, nam'd *Trogniana*; a mere Dwarf, and one that had a Face very ugly and frightful, bat was endow'd with many rare and bright Accomplishments, with abundance of Wit and Good Humour.

The *Brown King* having got her Picture presented it his Son, and commanded him to admire it, and prepare to marry the Original. The Prince took it, and looking upon it with Contempt, modestly told his Father, That he was resolv'd never to marry such a prepost'rous Creature; The King grew Angry at his Obstinacy, and to correct his Disobedience, threw him into a Castle, wherein no Prisoner had been many Years before.

Then the *Brown King* sent an Embassador with his Son's Picture to *Trogniana's* Father, to demand her in Marriage; which the King no sooner saw, but imbracing the Offer, carry'd it his Daughter, and told her, That it was his Will that she should place her Affection upon the Prince that Picture represented; for that he was to be her Husband.

As soon as the Princess saw it, she began to look pale, and her Heart swelling with Grief, she could not forbear shedding some Tears.

Her Father took the Resentment immediately; and ordering a Looking-Glass to be brought, There, said he, see your own Deformity, and examine with your self, what reason you have to be dissatisfy'd: *Trogniana* would fain have excused herself, and persuaded her Father to drop a Match she had no Inclination to: But the angry Parent said, it was his Pleasure it should be so, and therefore command'd her to be ready to depart in a few Hours.

The Princess was so dutiful as to suffer herself to begin the Journey in a Post-Chaise; and where we must leave her, pursuing her Journey awhile, and return to the imprison'd Prince.

Prince *Torticuli* walking in a Gallery in the Castle, like others in Confinement, could not forbear thinking of his Misfortunes. He conceiv'd it afflicting enough, to be sensible of his own Deformity; much more, that he should be oblig'd to captivate his Will to a Person ten times more despicable than himself.

In the midst of these Confusions, he threw his Eyes about, and spy'd a certain Parcel of Pictures

Pictures, which for their Antiquity, had been preserv'd there as great Rairties. The Beauty and Vivacity of these Originals, made him inspect them with more Curiosity, when he discover'd a young Man among them, exactly the Picture of himself, who was painted taking a Gold Key out of a Stone-Wall.

In many places he saw his Picture ; as also that of a most beautiful Princess, whose Looks were so agreeable to him, that he could not forbear admiring of it. Indeed it was matter of Wonder to him, to see such surprizing Rarities ; and he could not imagine what Genius should inspire the Painter's Breast, to Picture him above two Hundred Years before he came into the World.

With these Speculations he retir'd to his Chamber, and taking an old Manuscript that lay by him, opened it, and found the same Pictures in it he saw before. Turning over some of the Leaves, immediately a Consort of Musick was heard ; Gamesters were seen playing at all sorts of Games ; Weddings, Dancing, Singing, and what not ? At last, turning over a certain Leaf, he saw really a Parcel of *Pigmy Gentry*, Feasting themselves merrily, when one of them taking a Glass, turn'd to the Prince, and drank his Health ; and told him withal, That he should be a happy Prince, if he restor'd them their Queen, but miserable if not.

The Prince was so frightned at these Apparitions, that for some time he swooned away, and let drop his Book on the Floor. He was no sooner recover'd, but willing to review the

Cause of his Indisposition, he took up the Book, and looking into it again, found nothing at all in it. This was another shocking surprise to him; but it presently went off by concluding, that what he had hitherto seen, was nothing but Delusion.

Early the next Day he went into the Gallery again, where the Pictures appear'd to him, as if they were all alive. Among the rest, he saw his own Picture going up into the Tower; And willing to see the issue of so nice a Wonder, followed it; and by imitating its Actions, in every thing, found in a Hole of the Wall, a Gold Key, that had been hid there some Ages. - The Prince took it up, and open'd a Cupboard just by, whose out-side seem'd very odd and ugly, but within very beautiful and delicate. The Drawers were all of Chrystal, Amber, &c, and were full of the most admirable Curiosities. At this charming sight, the Prince was extremely pleas'd, until opening a certain Drawer, a Brilliant Box appear'd, in which was a Man's Hand weltring in its Blood.

A Man had need of a great deal of Spirit, at so strange a sight; but the Prince being a Prince of Resolution, and recollecting what one of the Pigmies had told him, he took Courage, and said; Tell me, if possible, O unhappy Hand, what has render'd thee so unfortunate? At these Words, the Hand began to move, and by Signs said, Happy Prince, thou art able to set free one of the brightest Beauties on Earth. Repair to the Gallery, and where thou seest the Sunshine, besure to search; for there lyes a

by Happiness ; and there you will find the end of your Misfortunes.

The Prince putting the Hand in its place again, and the Key in the whole of the Wall, went thither accordingly ; and observing where the Sun shone, he found the Picture of an angelick Youth hanging against the Wall. His Curiosity led him to turn it aside, under which was a wainscotted Ebony Wall, gilt with Gold, and which rais'd it self on a sudden, and presented the Prince with a Prospect of a stately Chamber of Porphyry. He entred it, and advancing some Steps, went through an infinite Number of fine Apartments, to a little Chamber, where he found sleeping on a rich Couch, under a Canopy, one of the loveliest Beauties in the World : Her Hair was as black as a Raven, hanging in Curls about her Breasts, which were whiter than Snow.

The Prince observing her languishing posture found she was now and then interrupted in her Sleep, with deep Sighs, Startings, and Expostulating with herself. —

— He had not gaz'd long, but, Perfidious Prince (cry'd she in her Sleep) Dost thou think to share my Affections, by robbing me of *Trasimenes* ? Thou barbarous Cruel, whose Villany shall one Day meet with a Punishment from that Hand, thou hast separated from the Body of my lovely Prince. — [Here she started, her Flesh trembled, her Pulse beat violently, and her Eyes let fall some Tears ; and then clinching eagerly her Hands, went on.] — Yes Wretch Furies shall prey upon thy treacherous Soul !

Ah, *Trasimenes!* *Trasimenes!* unhappy, wretched, and miserable I, that am banish'd thy sight!

The Prince heard and saw all with the greatest Surprize; and whilst he was busying his Thoughts about his Lady, a Consort of Birds made a most agreeable Harmony, when in came an Eagle, with a *Golden Branch*, full of Rubies and Diamonds. The kingly Bird, immediately flew round her, and gently fann'd her with his Wings: Then he gave the *Branch* to Prince *Torticuli*, at which all the Birds screm'd out so loud, they made the Palace ring again.

This Accident soon inclin'd the Prince to believe the Lady was enchanted; and to try the Experiment, bowing himself gently, he touch'd her with the Branch, and conjur'd her in the Name of *Trasimenes*, to awake from her Trance; when in a Minute, she opened her Eyes, and looked about. Spying the Eagle, she cry'd out, Stay, the Life of my Love, stay! But the Eagle taking no Notice, flew away with the rest of the Birds, leaving a most lamentable Cry behind him.

Then the Lady address'd *Torticuli*, and returning him Thanks, for freeing her from a Letthargy which had captivated her Two Hundred Years, told him, that she was able, willing, and very ready to make him whatever he pleas'd.

In short, after some Compliments between them, the Prince, willing to be Strait like other Men, ask'd that Favour of her, which she readily granted.

The

The beautiful Lady bid him stand still, and took the *Gilded Branch*, and strok'd him thrice with it. Rise, Sir, said she, one of the compleatest, and accomplished Men in the Universe: and immediately he did so. Now, said she, go by the Name of *Nonpareil*; for none ever did, nor never wil merit so much as yourself. Go (added she) from hence, be Happy; Fortune will at last be favourable; and let the Fairy *Benigna* be, now and then, the Subject of your Thoughts.

With these Words, both Lady, Palace, and all therein vanish'd in a Moment, when the Prince found himself in a spacious Wood, a Hundred Leagues distant from the Tower he was before confin'd in.

To return. When the Guards miss'd Prince *Torticuli*, the dread of the King's Displeasure, put them upon giving out, that he was fallen sick; appointing one of their crooked Comrades to lye in his Bed, and personate him, in case the King should come to see him. This Project had its Effect: For the King was no sooner told of it, but he made flight of the matter, and said, He was not sorry his Son had his Deserts.

In the mean time, the Princess *Troganiana* arrived: And when the King saw her wide Mouth, her scropulous Skin, and Negro's Nose, the King, by way of Banter, thanked her for her Civility in refusing to marry his Son, who was not half so deformed as herself.

No matter for that, my Liege, said she, Your Majesty may divert yourself from the Thoughts

of a Match with your Son, for I am not so conceit with my self, as to make him my Husband.

At this the King grew Angry, and said, he would see to that: And so order'd her an Apartment; and some Ladies were assign'd to persuade her to the Marriage.

Whilst Matters were thus transacting at Court, the Kings Guards sent his Majesty Notice that the Prince his Son was dead, having put some heavy Lump in a Coffin to disguise the matter. The credulous King Wept at the News; and without repairing to the Castle gave Orders for his private Interment.

His Fancy had form'd a Notion, that *Trog-niana* had some Hand in his Death; so that to satisfy his Revenge, and punish her Dilobedience, he made bold to confine her in the same Tower for her Life.

The Princess, in this Affliction was thought ful of her Father, and accordingly wrote sev-
eral Letters to him; but they were all intercept-
ed, and carry'd to the *Brown Monarch*. She in-
deavour'd to Divert herself; and would now
and then be admiring the Pictures in the Gal-
lery.

One Day, as she was at this Exercise, she perceiv'd among them, the Picture of her own ugly Self. It surpriz'd her to besure, and she made Reflections upon the Painter for it, and the more, when she saw by it, the Picture of a beautiful Shepherd and Shepherdess, with whom she was mightily taken,

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In the midst of this Surprise, a deformed old Witch appear'd, and told her, That she was sensibly touch'd with her Misfortunes, and was come thither to Comfort her. Sigh not at that beautiful Shepherdess, (said she) for I can make you altogether as lovely. Chuse therefore, Virtue or Beauty, for Fate has decreed one of them to be your Portion.

The Princess being sensible that Beauty was not lasting, chose Virtue as the most substantial Treasure.

The old Woman at this, presented her with her Muff, which was White and Yellow, and told her, that if she blew on the yellow side, she would become like the lovely Shepherdess, and that if she blew on the white side, her Virtue would become fix'd as Fate it self.

The Princess accepted the Muff, and blowing as she had order'd on the white side, immediately found the Effects aforesaid.

Thus blest with one of the best Portions a Woman can have, she contented herself to wait the arrival of her Father. And with expectation of seeing him, she would often get into the Tower to look for his coming.

Going up one Day very eagerly, her Foot struck against some loose Stones in the Wall, and forc'd out the Golden Key, which she presently snatched up. Certainly, thought she, this Key must be of some use hereabouts; and spying the Cupboard, soon concluded it belong'd to that.

With this thought she look'd some time, but could see no sign of a Lock. At last she found the

the Key-Hole, and opening it, was as much charmed with what she saw, as the Prince before her.

In short, she came to the Bloody Hand in the Box, and was so much concern'd at it, that she would have laid it aside, had not something whisper'd in her Ear, and bid her take Courage, lay the Hand under her Pillow; and when she saw an Eagle appear to give it him.

The Princess having put every thing as she found them, took the Hand, and did as she was bid.

But three Nights was no sooner gone, when an Eagle came fluttering at her Window; and then rememb'ring what she was told, she opened the Casement, and let him in. The Bird was extreamly pleas'd with his Admittance, when she presently gave him the bloody Hand: and in less than a Minute, there appear'd in the room of the Eagle, a compleat young Gentleman, with a Crown of Gold on his Head, and his Robes flowered with Diamonds and precious Stones.

In short, he no sooner appear'd, but he address'd the Princess, and told her, That a certain Conjurer had kept him there 200 Years; because that the Fairy Benigna had rejected the Magician, and bestowed her Heart upon him; That out of Spite he had cut off his Hand as he stood admiring one Day, the Picture of his Mistress: That by Virtue of his Magick, he had turned him into an Eagle, and caused the Queen to be thrown into a perpetual Sleep: That he was told, that a certain Prince and

Princess,

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Princess, should restore them to their former Happiness, after the expiration of two Hundred Years: and for that reason, the Fairy *Benigna* took such Care to lock up his Hand where the Princess found it.—

Having said this, he look'd earnestly on the Princess, and cry'd, Speak, Madam, and ask what you will, for it is in my power to effect it.

The surprized Princess knowing that Beauty vanisheth like a Blast, kept to a solid Principle, and told him, that since it must be so, she desired nothing but that her Soul might be as Beautiful as her Body was Ugly.

For a Reward of your Humility (*said he*) be happy in both Soul and Body: And gently touching her, she became one of the most lovely Shepherdess's in the World. Now, *said he*, I see you compleat, according to your Deserts, bear hence-forward the Name of *Brilliant* for none has ever brighter Perfections than your self; and you shall at last be crown'd with Happiness.

With these Words every thing vanished about her, and she found herself in the same Wood where Prince *Torticuli* was turn'd Shepherd.

She no sooner saw herself in the lonesome place, with a Flock of Sheep, a Crook, and a little Dog by her side, but she was full of Thought, and could not forbear admiring, that she who was a Princess before, was now become a poor Shepherdess, without Friends or Relations. But tho' she had some dejected Thoughts about

the suddenness of her Charge, yet they lasted not; for all the Birds, Flocks Woods, Groves, and Flowers conspired to make her Life pleasant and sweet.

In this State she contented herself to feed her innocent Flock till the Shepherd Prince wandering one Summer's Day from his Flock, found the lovely She sleeping under a shady Tree by a River's side.

The Prince no sooner saw a Beauty so surprising, but gently made his Approaches to her; and viewing all the Charms of Love in one Body, remain'd fix'd like a Statue till the Princess awoke.

Ah! incomparable Shepherdess (cry'd he) is it possible you should fly Mankind for the sake of this solitary place? Forbid it Heavens! Behold a faithful Shepherd for ever devoted to your Service. Let me therefore be first in the List of your Admirers, and render my Affidnities acceptable to so powerful a Beauty.

I thank you Shepherd, said she, if any can claim my Esteem, 'tis yourself: But I had rather live this Life with my Sheep and Dog, than be disturb'd with the Hurry and Noise of publick Business: To convince me, therefore, of your Esteem, conduct me to some little Cottage, where I may be friendly entertain'd.

Yes, lovely Fair, said he, and so led her to a little House, where liv'd a lame, old Woman, who receiv'd her with as much Teaderness as if she had been her own Daughter.

After the old Grannam had made her sit down, Pray Sweetheart, (said she) What's your Name?

Name? Brilliant, quoth the Princess, making her a low Courtesy, with which the ancient Hostess was so well satisfied, that she presently set before her Bread, Butter, Cheeſe, Cream, Eggs, and all sorts of Fruit, and bid her eat heartily. The Prince at the same time beg'd to sit down by her, which she consented to; and from that time was so smitten with him, that he as the remainder of her Thoughts. When they had done, the Shepherdess arose, thank'd her aged Hostess for the Civilities she had receiv'd, and taking her Crook, made the Prince understand, that his Conversation was no farther necessary at that time; and so went alone to her Flock.

But it was not long before Love found out Ways and Means to bring them together. The Shepherd would often drive his Sheep among hers, and whilst they were feeding, entertain her with amorous Songs, and pleasant Tunes upon his oaten Reed. And yet, strange Mystery! tho' Love had posseſt both their Hearts, that they could have dy'd for each other, yet they could not forbear reflecting inwardly upon their own Weakness, in setting their Affections upon what they thought below their Birth.

Thus Love continu'd in Masquerade some time till the Shepherdess fled the Shepherd one Day, and left him disconsolate. Amongst the many Inventions Love could find, to retrieve so great a Loss, the Prince made choice of this. He took a tender Lamb, and ty'd Flowers and Ribbons about its innocent Neck; and dressing himself in a taffety Waistcoat, very richly lac'd

Iac'd down the Seams, he went and found out the Shepherdess as she was sitting very thought-
ful by a River's side:

Presenting her the innocent Lamb : *Ah !* (cry'd he) *what have I done, thus to banish you into Solitude ? What Fault have I committed, that you, lovely Shepherdess, should fly me ? Was it because your Flock and mine had the Care of one Shepherd ? Is it because I would free you from all the Misfortunes that may befall you ? Is it because I burn, consume, and expire for the Love of you ? O hard Fate ! worse than what hitherto has befallen me, that she whom I adore, should punish my Presence by her Absence ; and let another ren-
der all my passiminate Respects and Affiduities fruit-
less !*

Brilliant, having heard this, reply'd, and told him, That he had no re-son to fear her flying him; since it was so far out of **Hatred** to his Person, that she suffer'd Violence in doing it. That it was the Effect of Love and Duty, be-
twixt which she struggled, that made her so shy of him, not but that she could for ever sit by the River's side, and contentedly see his lovely Shade in the Water. She conjur'd him, therefore, by all the Respect he bore her, to leave her to herself; for that he having already her Heart in Possession, she did not know, what Treacherous Act it might be guilty of, by sur-
rendering up what she had with a Vow devo-
tev to Heaven.

Having thus inform'd him, she gave a sudden Start, and flew from the place where she late,
with

with incredible swiftness. The dejected Lover perceiving her flight, would have overtaken her; but, alas! his Grief was too weighty, and his Sorrow too prevailing; he fell down by the pressure of his Torments, and lay in a languishing Condition.

The Prince had looked back, and seen his sufferings; yet for all the Pity she had for him, could not prevail with herself to return to his Assistance. She thought if she did, he would discover too soon the Conquest he had made over her. So that with much ado, she abandoned one more dearer to her than her Life:

When she was out of Sight, she exclaim'd against her beauteous Severity, and wish'd herself deformed as before. Amidst a Thousand Thoughts revolving in her Mind, at last Virtue led her away in Triumph, with a Resolution to fly him for ever.

She had been told of an eminent Magician that lived in a Castle not far off: And that she might wholly abandon the Thoughts and Idea of her Shepherd, she was resolv'd to apply herself to this Enchanter, and ask his Advice.

With this Resolution she put Wings to her face, till she came through one of his Forrests; where she fancied she heard several Songs, triumphing over her Weakness and Favours, which would often put her in mind of turning back

reproach him. But adhering to her first principle, at last to the Conjurer's Castle she came; having run through many Briars and thorns, and suffer'd both Hunger and Thirst in her Journey.

Having

Having entred the Castle, the first Room she went into, was dark as Night, there being no Light but what appear'd thro' a Crevice. Instead of Wainscoat, it was lin'd with the Wings of Bats and Owls. Twelve Cats hung by their Tails in the Cieling, grouling and scratching one another most fearfully. Underneath was a long Table, on which as many Mice were tyed at a certain distance out of their reach, from a great quantity of Cheese and Bacon: so that all their time was spent in vain; for tho' they reacht and strove never so much, to satisfy their famisht Bellies with what they most admired, yet were they never the nearer.

Whilst the Princess was gazing at this Adventure, in came the Conjuror in a sooty Garment, with a fearful Crocodile on his Head for a Cap. A Whip, with ten thousand knotted Snakes at the end on it, was in one Hand, and his Spectacles in t'other. Fear presently seiz'd the Princess, who was so terrified at his Looks, that she would have given ten thousand Worlds to have gotten back again. She strove, but in vain; for the old Wizzard had hamper'd her fast in a parcel of Nets, so that she fell down, and thought she felt a thonsand Pins and Needles piercing her tender Flesh.

All this while the Conjuror made himself merry with her Misfortunes. At last he bellow'd in her Ear, with a hideous Noise these Words: *Seest thou not these Cats and Mice?* said he. *They were all Princes and Princesses. I could have loved the Girls, but they refus'd my kindness. And the Rogues their Sweethearts that would have*

rival now by this versid they are they are. Nothing Food for now. No Na shall nature of with her, sa The Animal ther'd into the herself. Unfor not be so! what an faithful She dispose of by my chir my Day come reg Death. rival

rival'd me, I decoy'd hither at several times, & now you see I have made an Example of 'em, by turning them into Cats and Mice. A Diversion mighty agreeable to me, because that they now are Hated by each other, as much as they were Beloved before.

No matter for that, (said Brilliant, interrupting the Conjuror) I'll be a Mouse too:

Fool, (said he) Love me, and thou shalt want for nothing a Lady can wish for.

Not I (said she) I will suffer Death first.

Nay, (quoth he) if you are so Obstinate, you shall not be what you would, a Mouse, but a Creature of a different Species. And touching her with his wicked Wand, Be therefore a Gnat, said he, to live in the Fields and Groves.

The Prince immediately became that little Animal, but retaining still her Reason, she gather'd up her lovely nimble Limbs, and hop'd into the adjacent Woods, and thus bemoaned herself.

Unfortunate Creature, cry'd she, that would not be Happy when it was in thy Power to be so ! See the folly of Ingratitude ! Alas ! what am I now ? What was I before, when the Need-faithful Shepherd sought my Love ? A beautiful Shepherdess, that had a free Heart then to dispose of to the lovely Nonpariel ! But now, allow'd by my too nice Coyness a silly Infect, doom'd to chirp out my Afflictions, and wander out and he my Days in the verdant Grass till the Foot of some regardless cruel Creature, tramples me to Death.

Whilst

Whilst the Princess thus lamented her Condition, the Prince was as much afflicted for her Absence, He bemoaned himself every where; and tired with seeking her, sat himself under a Tree, He took his Pen-knife, and in Lover's Characters, engraved upon the Bark of it, the History of his Misfortunes. He had no sooner finished it, but an *Oreade*, or Mountain Fairy appeared to him, and pointing towards a certain Castle, bid him repair thither, where he should hear News of his Shepherdess.

The Prince thanked her, and went thither accordingly, where he found the Castle full of Globes of Fire; without any stop or stay, he rushed into the great Hall, where he was stopp'd by a most deformed Fairy, Hag-ridden, with Saucer Eyes, Brimstone Breath, Snaky Hair, and her Looks more frightful than Death, yet she was powdered, patcht, painted, and had an Imperial Diadem on her Head, and her Cloathes were most Magnificent.

She no sooner fixed her Glaring Eyes on him but in a screaming Tone, I am the Empress of Meteors (said she) and am concern'd for your Welfare; if you will but love me, all shall be to your Wish.

It is impossible (said he) to bestow that which another is Mistress of; besides, Madam, said he, if it were not so; I should not be such a Fool as to place my Affections upon an Apparition that has influence over nothing but silly Gl worms, Jack-a-Lanterns, and Will-in-the Whisps, Meteors, which serve only to decoy unthinking Travellers into endless wandrin

Ho

How, Wretch, said the Cholerick Hag, d'ye
slight me so? With that she struck her Wand
against the Floor, and immediately a whole
Army of Monstrous Beasts, in devilish Shapes,
appear'd to fight him.

The poor Prince had nothing to defend him-
self with but his Crook; and was terrified
with their many-headed Looks, that he conclu-
sion'd now was the time that he must suffer Death
for his Shepherdess; and put himself in a Po-
sition accordingly.

The Fairy perceiving his Resolution so strong,
was resolv'd to do her utmost; she caused his
Shepherdess to appear, and cry'd out: Now,
Consent to my Embraces, or else this Girl
with you Love, shall be sacrific'd before your Eyes.

These Words so sensibly touch'd his Heart,
that he fancied he heard his Shepherdess, at the
same time bid him do what the Empress would
have him. In this Extremity he bethought him-
self of the Fairy Benigna, and calling to him-
self upon that good Fairy, he thought he heard
her these Words.

*Fate mill have its fixed Course,
Be it better, be it worse,
But be thou Faithful, Just and True,
And none shall be more blest than you.
In the mean time, Prince be inclin'd
The Gilded Branch to seek and find.*

And with these Lines ended, the Fury of all
had seen; his Princess was vanish'd and
likewise, when the hagged Fairy seeing
her

her attempts in vain, against a superior Power. Depart (said she to the Prince) whose Heart burns so violently with true Love, and because you have so much of that Element in you, be henceforth a Cricket which wholly delights in Warmth.

'I was done in an instant, and he became a little Cole black Cricket, and was turn'd out to wander and seek after a warm Birth. But the *Gilded Branch* still ran in his Mind, and he thought that if he could find that, it would help to uncricket him : So that with such like conjectures, he travelled with his little Feet, till he came to a hollow Tree, where sate chirping a lovely Grashopper. The Cricket had not as yet met with any Conversation; and taking this Insect to be a Grashopper of Parts, address'd her thus : Whither goest thou, lovely Grashopper ? said he. And whither goest thou, pretty Cricket ? said the Grashopper. What ! Canst thou speak ? said the Cricket in surprize. Why not we Grashoppers (said she briskly) speak as well as you Crickets. Nay, said the Cricket, I speak because I am a young Man. And because I am a young Virgin (said the other). Say you so ? said the Cricket, then our Fortune are equal I think : But whither art going I should be glad to bear thee company. Ah ! cry'd the Grashopper, a Voice indeed told me Fate would have its course ; but bid me go seek the *Gilded Branch*, and in search of such thing I have taken many a weary Step hitherto in going.

This Discourse was broke off by 2 Mice, who jumpt presently upon thein, and forc'd both Cricket, Grashopper, and Mice into the hollow Tree. Alas, Madam, crys one Mouse, I have got a Stitch in my Side, by our Flight, how does your Highness? Troth very bad, said t'other Mouse, but had not a piece of my Tail been chopt off, I had stilt been ty'd to the Wizzards Table. Did you see how the old Rogue pursued us? Protect us, Providence, cry'd the first Mouse especially your Royal Highnes, and send us safe to the *Gilded Branch*. D'ye know the way? said t'other. Yes, yes, cry'd the biggest, as well as my Right-Hand from my Left.

The Grashopper perceiving this Couple in the same Condition as herself, said, Accept Ladies of the Company of this honest Cricket and my self, who are alike travelling thither; and we shall be thankful for it.

In short, after some few Ceremonies, they agreed to travel early in the Morning to the *Gilded Branch*, and having related to each the oddness of their Adventures, they accordingly came to the Tree where it grew in the middle of a Garden, whose Walks were besprewed with Pearl, and whose Flowers were all sorts of Diamonds and precious Stones.

They no sooner approached, but the Prince and Princess receiv'd their pristine Shapes; and were so transported at it, Words could not express their Joy. The Prince fell at the Feet of the Princess, and was about to have worshipped her, when Queen *Benigna*, and King *Trasimenes* appear'd, with a Splendor which out-shone the Sun.

Sun. They were attended by the Graces, and a Million of Fairy Nymphs supporting a rich Canopy over their Heads ; the Zephirs, and all the agreeable Deities of the Woods and Plains made up the Company, with a Harmony equal to that of the Spheres.

Here (said illustrious *Benigna* to the Princess) take this constant Shepherd for your Husband-Prince, and be you happy in him ; for he is the same Prince your Father and his design'd to bestow upon you. He did not perish in that Castle where you was ; but met with a Deliverance and Change like Yours : With that she Crown'd them both with imperial Diadems, but much more with a Constant Tranquility, to make them amends for all the Troubles they had undergone.

The Nuptials were then order'd to be Celebrated, and to make the Joy the greater, the Fairy *Benigna* struck her Wand thrice, when immediately the two Princesses who had personated Mice, was restor'd to their proper Shapes, as were also all those the Conjurer had enchant'd in his Castle ; who not only were deliver'd from their Metamorphosis, but made happy in the lasting Affections, and mutual Embraces of each other.

The M O R A L.

*Happy Britannia wouldest thou be,
If thou wert wholly free
From true Love's treach'rrous mortal Enemy
No false Friend then would have the Care
Of the soft, tender, tempting Fair,
Whose am'rrous Fire
Is kindled by a chaste Desire
To live and dye with him, whose Flame
Burns equal with the virtuous Dame.
The greedy Guardian would not steal
From the young Orphan's Purse,
To help to match his Daughters well,
Like fair Rosetta's Nurse.*



TALE VI.

*The Shipwreck: Or the Orange-Tree,
and its beloved Bee.*

ONCE upon a Time there liv'd a King and Queen, who had but one Daughter, a Beauty excelling all the rest of her Sex, one so much esteem'd, that she was nam'd, *The Beloved*. There was nothing wanting in her Infancy worthy of her Birth, and she had a Retinue sufficient for a Prince grown to Maturity, who waited upon her where-ever her Nurse was pleased to command.

One Day the Nurse took this sweet Princess with her in a Pleasure-Boat, for the Benefit of the Air, the Weather and Heavens being then calm and serene; but they had not been sailing from Shore, when there arose a violent Storm, of which (notwithstanding all the Endeavours of The Navigators could use) caus'd the Boat to be splitted, so that every one was drowned but the little Prince; who being then in her Cradle, kept afloat, till it was driven out to Sea, and was cast upon an unknown Shore.

It was a Country which none inhabited but a certain Race of Monsters call'd *Ogrichons*: Embas'd People that Prey'd upon Mankind, and caught them by Snares and Stratagems, as we do Rabbits' D

its and Hares, and eat them with a Dog-like appetite, having Mouths from one Ear to t'other. The chief of these Canibals still surviving, was the Oger *Ravagio* and his Wife *Tormentina*, aunning Monsters, who could snell a Man or Woman some Leagues distant.

It happen'd one Day that *Tormentina* walk'd by the Sea-side, discover'd the Princess in her Cradle, and Pity, to which she had always been a Stranger before, mov'd her now to spare King innocent a Beauty. She therefore took her bugh-p, Cradle and all, carry'd it to her Den, and first of all prevented her Husband *Ravagio*'s devouring it, by persuading him to bring her up, till she was of Age to be marry'd to their Son and the *griletto*: But fearing that the Cries of so ten-
youn to an Infant, might at one time or other, pro-
vok her Husband's Appeteite; she by virtue of
her Magick Art (for she was a Demi-Fairy)
princess convey'd her to a Den, and commanded a lo-
fit of Doe to wait upon and Suckle her as often as
was necessary; and thus by the Care of *Tor-
mentina*, the Princess liv'd till she was fifteen
Storms of Age.

After the King and Queen, her Parents, having
been so long forgot the Memory of her, began to think
but the settling the Succession, despairing of any more
issue; accordingly they pitch'd upon the sec-
ond and wari Son of a neighbouring Prince, who was
mistr'd by all that heard of him, to succeed af-
ter their Decease.

Embaſſadors were immediately sent with a
large Navy of Ships, to Convey him from his
do Ra-
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King immediately consented to the Proposal, so that
and he was call'd the beloved of his Father, he
was sent with a vast Retinue of the Nobility, to the
and a prodigious quantity of Riches.

They had not been long out of sight of Land, At last
but a dreadful Tempest arose, in which the whole
whole Navy immediately founder'd, and every man
Soul was lost but himself, who floating on her
Plank, was driven ashore upon the very same
Coast where the Ogricons liv'd.

The Princess by this time being grown up to a woman
with a thousand delicate Features and Charms, his
tho' not capable of speaking any thing but the
Ogrichonian Tongue, had assign'd to herself a
certain Cavity between two Rocks, by which
she would take delight to Fish, and where she
would contemplate with herself. She discover'd
indeed about her a glorious *Turquois Stone*, ovelv
with some odd Characters on it, but of it's
meaning, she could not inform herself.

And thus she spent her absent Hours from
Ravagio and *T tormentina*, when one Day she saw a Sigh
a Youth float ashore for dead, she went anoy and
receiv'd him with admiration ; and presentlern'd
took certain green Herbs, and rubbing him with
Hands, apply'd the Juice to his Nostrils, then
he came to himself, and stood upright, amazin saw
to see so beautiful a Creature present herself
she was before him ; they both stood surpriz'd at each
other awhile, until the Prince offering her his
Hand, she flew back, and made Signs for him
to be gone, and that his Life was in danger
He spoke to her, but she understood him not the
S

so that a meer Jargon of Language past be-
posal, between them.

The Princess shed Tears, to think that he
would presently be torn to pieces, and the more
because she could not make him sensible of it.
Land. At last she took him by the Hand, and led him
h thero her Cell in the Rocks, and made him repose
everyhimself on a Bed of soft Rushes. She then took
on her Hair-lace and gave it him, with Signs that
same he was going to fetch some Food, and that she

would return again. The Prince had now time
n no lament his Misfortune, but still the Idea of
harm his charming Deliyerer, gave him more Con-
but theent than if he was in possession of a Crown.

self : The Princess by this time, was so heavy loa-
whichden with Provisions, she fainted at the Prince's
ere shFeet. She had brought him roasted Squirrels,
cover' Rabbets, all sorts of Fruit, a Stone Knife, a
Stone lovely Shell to drink out off, and another to
of it Wash in ; all which the Prince receiv'd with
f. so many Testimonies of Affection, that their
ers froulous became in a manner united. When
she fane Sigh'd, she Wept, and both shar'd equally
ent anoy and Sorrow, tho' she was the most con-
resentern'd for his Preservation.

ng h. At Night she left him to return to *Ravagio's*
rils, tiDen, the more to prevent Suspicion, but when
amaze he saw the monstrous young *Ogriletto*, to whom
rself he was to be Married, her Heart was ready to
each break. She could not Sleep all the Night, a
her thousand Thoughts disturb'd her Rest ; so that
for hiarly next Morning she went to the Prince's Re-
dangdence, and there with Tears in her Eyes, by
him noll the Signs she could make, would have him

fled the place for safety. He flung himself at her Feet, and wiped them with his Hair, while she presented him with her turquois Heart, as a Token of her Esteem. The Prince kiss'd the Hand that gave it, and looking upon it earnestly, read the following Words. —

The only Beloved, Daughter to the King of the Fortunate Island.

The Surprise the Prince was in, when he read it, was inexpressible. He knew such a Princess was his Cousin, and that she had been drown'd many Years before. He lift'd up his Eyes to Heaven, concluding the Sea had thrown up so rich a Jewel. Then with Tears in his Eyes he kiss'd it, and ty'd the Heart about her Wrist again, requesting by a certain Sign only a little Lock of her Hair in the room on't, which she with some difficulty granted.

Thus four Days run away, when the Princess coming to *Raxagio*'s Cave one Evening, she found a Supper provided for her with all the Rarities that could be got. She wonder'd at the Meaning; but *Raxagio* told her she must be marry'd that Night to his Son *Ogriletto*, and for that reason he had order'd so splendid an Entertainment: The Princess immediately trembled, and desir'd that it might be defer'd a little longer? How! said the Monster, I have a Mind to devour thee presently, at which she fainted away between *Termentina* and her Son's Paws: *Ogriletto*, 'tis true, lov'd her entirely,

tirely, so with much ado, Ravagio was persua-
ded to save her that Night.

The Prince, by this time, was wholly devo-
ted to her Command, and Love had made him
a perfect Slave in so little a Space, so that he
was ready to Dye, because he could not tho-
roughly inform her of his Passion.

When she returned next Morning, she made
him to understand the Danger she was in, of
being matry'd to another.

At which she discover'd a vifible Alteration
in his Countenance, she was ready to dye at her
Feet; being altogether a Stranger to the Coun-
try where he was, and how to escape, he knew
not; which if he did, would be even Death to
him. The Prince was as much concern'd on
t'other fide, and with an equal Grief, they spent
the time in Sighs and Tears, 'till Night oblig'd
her retire from him.

In her way to the Cave, it being dark, she
had the mortification to tread upon a sharp
Thorn, which run thro' the Sole of her Foot,
insomuch that when she came home, the Pains
were so afflicting, in conjunction with her
Concern for the Prince, that she swooned away
several times.

Ravagio, Tormentina, and Ogriletto, were all
troubled at the Misfortune, they pull'd out the
Thorn (but knew not of another in her Heart)
and laid some Herbs to the Wound, and put
her to Bed. But Sleep she could not, nor could
she go as usual in the Morning to the Prince:
So that the Apprehensions of his breaking his
Heart for her absence, occasion'd a double Grief.

The Prince indeed was so much concern'd at her not returning, that in Despairs he was resolved to go in quest of her, tho' he lost his Life. By the help of a rude Track, he travel'd till he came to the *Ogrichon's Den*, which he no sooner enter'd, but the Monster *Ravagio* snap'd at him, and would have devour'd him, had not the Princess fell down on her Knees, and intreated him to keep that fresh Provision till her Wedding-Day: *Ravagio* consented to it, ordering her to feed and fatten him against the Day appointed. But she did it with another Intention, and it was with a design to preserve him from Destruction; which in a little time she thus effected.

The *Oger*, *Ogress*, and *Ogricons* always sleep with Crowns of Gold upon their Heads; and the Princess lying with them, she thought with herself, that Hunger was strong enough to break thro' Stone Walls, and that if *Ravagio's* Appetite shou'd provoke him in the Night, she did not know, but he might devour the Prince, notwithstanding his Word to the contrary. She therefore, when they were all asleep, took the Crown from the Head of the first *Ogrichon* she came to, and put it on the Prince's, and return'd to her own Apartment.

This Project had its desired Effect. For *Ravagio* longing to make a Meal of the Prince, arose in the dark, and felt for one among the *Ogrichons*, without a Crown upon his Head, whom having found he immediately devour'd, and return'd to his *Ogress* who lay fast asleep.

The next Morning *T tormentina* missing one of her

her Brats, she went to the Cavern, and perceiving it Bloody, gave such a Howl, that all the Woods rung with it. *Ravagio* presently heard her, and being sensible of his Mistake, commanded her to be silent; for that he had eaten the little Monster instead of the Prince. *Torrentina* was forc'd to submit, for her Husband was absolute, and one who could eat Wives with as little Compassion as any thing.

The next Night the Princess did as before; when *Torrentina* awaking, was resolv'd to revenge the death of her Ogrichon on the Prince. She went to the place where the Ogrichons lay, and finding one without a Crown among 'em, immediately eat it up, believing it to be the Sinner, and returned to take her Sleep out.

As soon as Morning came, *Torrentina* went to bok after her young Ogrichons, and finding tha she had by Mistake devour'd one of them, shescriem'd out so loud, that *Ravagio* immediatley came to her. They both gnash'd their Teth, and storm'd in a fearful manner, and rending the Air with their Cries, they were for decouring the Prince and Princess, who had hid themselves in a dark Corner from their Rge.

In this Extremity, the Princess bethought herself of *Torrentina*'s Ivory Wand, with which he had seen her perform many strange things. Thought she, if such an ignorant Brute can work Wonders with it, well may I; and so she went where it was, and taking hold of it, wisht in the Name of the Fairy *Trufio*, to talk the language of her distressed Lover.

This had its desir'd Success ; so that she immediately went to the Prince, and whisper'd in his Ear, That she was more afflicted at his Misfortunes than her own ; and withal told him how she came to understand his Language by virtue of an Ivory Wand. The over-joy'd Prince, with many Thanks, said, That sh was as dear to him as his Soul, and that nothing but Death should separate his Affection from her.

In short, they had the Satisfaction of a Conversation with one another, which none but true Lovers enjoy ; and amongst all their Projects, that of their Escape was the most considerable. The Princess told him, That as soon as Night came, she would get *Ravagio's* left Camel, upon which they would both mount, and steer their Course where Providence should direct. The Prince approv'd it, and the while for Hour came, when the Princess put a Bean in a Cake, and taking the little Wand in her Hand, cry'd, Pretty Bean, pretty Bean, O little pretty Bean, in *Truffu's* Name, I command thee whilst thou art roasting, to talk as I use to do, when *Tomentina* calls : And with that he thrust the Cake into the Embers.

Now, said she to the Prince, taking the Wand in her Hand ; let's mount ; which they did accordingly, and rode away full speed.

The Ogress *Tomentina*,whilst they were making their Escape, awak'd in the Night, and missing the Princess, call'd out, Hussy, why don't you come to Bed ? I am warming my self said the Bean, Come, I say, quickly, said she

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Time enough, quo' the Bean. *T tormentina* fearing her Noise would disturb surly *Ravagio*, lay still awhile, when she call'd out again; You dirty Slut, come to Bed, I say: Let me Warm my self a little longer, cry'd the Bean. Warm thy self then, with a Murrain to thee, in the midst of it, Quo the Monster. So I am, said the Bean, without your Wishing it: and being by this time full roasted, said no more; notwithstanding the loud Calls of *T tormentina*.

Early in the Morning, the *Ogress* went to punish her for not coming at her Call; but alas! She found both Prince and Princess fled; with that she set up such a Howl, that *Ravagio* leap'd in a Minute from his Cave, to know what was the Matter. With dismal Cries she told him all his fresh Meat was stole away, which when *Ravagio* heard, he tore his Beard, and swore he would Revenge himself of the Rogues that had done it. Give me my Seven League Boots, and I'll be up with 'em presently. The Boots being brought, away he went, and quickly came in sight of the Prince and Princess.

The Princess perceiving him first, cry'd out, We are ruin'd, dear Prince, for the Monster is just at our Heels. The Prince was more concern'd for her than himself, so that the thoughts of her Danger pierc'd his very Soul.

A Woman's Wit being ready at Invention, the Princess cry'd out, Help, O Wand, help, and in kind *Truffi*'s Name, turn our Beast into a River, let my Prince be a Boat, and my self an old Woman to rovv it along. The Wand was no sooner wav'd, but she had her Wish;

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when up came the Monster to the River's side, and cry'd, Ho ! you, Gammar ; did you see a Man and a Maid go by this Bank-side ? The old Dame whipping on her Spectacles, star'd at him, as if she knew nothing of the matter : At last she pointed, and made him believe they were gone by on the Left-hand. Away slak't Ravagio out of sight, with hopes to overtake them. In the mean time the Princess touch'd herself with her Wand, and resum'd her Shape.

Ravagio having travel'd far to no purpose, return'd to Tormentina, who impatiently expect-ed his coming. But when she saw him return without them, she call'd him Fool, and laugh-ed at his Story about the old Woman, and her Spectacles. Go back again, Simpleton, (cry'd she) and devour them in an Instant.

The old Fool of a Monster liquoring his Boots, immediately stept away, till he came within sight of them once more ; and at another Step would have been up with 'em, had not the Princess, by virtue of her Wand, turn'd their Camel into a Box, herself into a Dwarf, and the Prince into a beautiful Picture. The Dwarf seeing Ravagio, immediately blew his Horn ; at which the Monster came to him, and ask'd if he had seen a young Couple go by that way. The Dwarf told him, that a beautiful Lady came by Yesterday, with a valiant Knight, who had fought in Honour of her, whose Pict-ure hung before him ; and that the Lady before she went, charg'd him, That if an ill-lock'd Giant, with but one Eye in his Forehead, should

should come and enquire about her, that he should tell him to give over his Search, for that she was for ever out of his reach.

Say you so, (said *Ravagio*) which Way did they go? Over yon Plains, said the Dwarf: Away stalkt the Monster, and was out of sight in an Instant. The Princess presently took her Wand, and with two or three Touches, they were all in their proper Shapes again.

Ravagio had gone all over the Woods, For-ests, Mountains, and Vallies, with incredible swiftness, but was forced to return like a Fool as he set out. He had indeed bundled up a few half-hearted Lovers, that he met by the Way, and deservedly carry'd them with him: And 'twas well he did so; for *T tormentina's* Fury was grown so great, that if she had not had something to stop her Mouth, perhaps she might have devour'd him; for the gray Mare was now become the better Horse: And such a She-Fury, knowing her Husband's Weakness, could easily have made the place too hot to hold him.

Weil, having devour'd all he brought, without so much as, 'Thank ye, Gaffer. Give me, Coxcomb, said she, your Boots, and let me see what I can do: I'll warrant thee, I'll soon find em out, and make an Example of them.

With that *Ravagio* for peace sake, let her put on his Boots, as she had oft done his Breeches, and away the hagged Ogress went without a Shift or Petticoat to her Breech, and stretcht the Boots a League farther than usual. She took with her a monstrous Club, her Hair was powder'd

with Toads, and ty'd up with Snakes ; so that she was a Spectacle frightful enough to terrify the most obdurate Heart.

Alas ! her Motion was so swift, that in a few Hours, the Princess saw her. Now was the grand Tryal of these Lovers : They invok'd the Powers above to protect a Couple who could have dy'd for the sake of each other. In the midst of this Extremity some good Fairy put into the Mind of the Princess, to make use of her Wand once more. Come, my dearest (said she) to the Prince, take Courage, all shall do well ; With that she wav'd her Wand thrice and cry'd, be a Box, O Camel, and thou, lovely Prince, an Orange Tree, and my self a Bee to fly and hum about thee.

The Words were no sooner utter'd, but what she said, came to pass. When *Torrentina* came up, and being tired with Travelling, sate herself down to rest under the Orange-Tree ; the busy Bee perceiving it, was resolv'd to seize her and notwithstanding the thickness of her Hair stung her so terribly, that the Beast was heard to Roar many Leagues off. Now and then she would throw her Paws at the Bee, with a design to kill it, but it was too nimble for her and flevv avvay. However the Orange-Tree Prince was in great Pain for his beloved Box all the time.

At last the Hag was so nettled with the smart, she rose up, and in despair foaming at the Mouth stalk'd home again ; when the Princess would have restor'd herself to her Shape, but some Power

for

sions, who by accident had been that way, had carry'd with 'em ignorantly her white Wand.

This was a lamentable Surprize to them both. They alike lamented their Misfortunes. The Prince cry'd, Wo is me, that I should be thus confin'd in a Tree ! My pretty Bee, what shall I do, if you fly me ? Cannot you stay to live upon the Blossoms I produce ? My Leaves shall be your Bed, and free you from the venomous Spiders. Ah, cry'd she, Why suspectest thou thy Bee ? No Dove shall be more truer to her Mate. I will Watch thee, and Preserve thee from the rude Touches of an unkind Hind. All the Lillies, Jessamines, and Roses, and the sweetest Flowers of the Woods and Plains, I will slight for thee, and as a Proof of it, here I will dwell, said she. With that she settled upon one of the largest Flowers, and blest herself with so sweet a Living, whilst the Tree florish'd, and lookt gay and lively.

It seems this Orange Tree stood in a Wood belonging to a certain Lady nam'd *Linda*, who coming with her Maids that way, was so smitten with its Delicacy, she stod a considerable time admiring it. She could not imagin how it came there ; and willing to gather a Flower, she no sooner touch'd it, but the Bee flew upon her Hand, and stung her so that she was ready to faint away with the smart. She then caus'd it to be remov'd by force, and planted it in a pleasant Garden next her Chamber Window, whither the Bee accompanied it. They had not been there long, but the Orange Tree ask'd his beloved Bee, Why he stung the beau-

beautiful *Linda* : Because said the Bee smartly, your Sweetness is mine, and you cannot bestow it on another, without Injustice to me. Besides, whatever you have is mine, and I am bound to defend my own. But, reply'd the Prince, can you let them drop without Concern, and not suffer the lovely *Linda* to wear them in her Bosome? Yes, (said she) with a severe Look, I can; but I find, Ingrateful, that you can prefer a Lady in all her Gayety, to a distressed, faithful, loving Princess, in a Tygers Skin. And with this she wept excessively, and let fall her Tears upon many of the Flowers, at which the Tree was so sensibly touch'd, that his Grief for afflicting her, had like to have made him wither away. Ah, cry'd he, you raise these Jealousies only to excuse your leaving me! What have I said or done, to incur your Displeasure? And thus they controverted all Night, as true Lovers will, 'till the Zephyr, who ow'd them a Kindness, came and reconciled them.

The next Morning, nothing would satisfy *Linda*, but a Nose-Gay of Flowers from the Orange-Tree; she often attempted to gather them, but the Bee as often stung her. At last, by the Advice of her Maids, she dress'd herself in Armour, and with Trumpets sounding, went with her Sword drawn to the Tree, and with one stroke cut off a Branch; at which a great Groan was heard, and a vast quantity of Blood seen to fall on the Ground. The surprize must needs be great to *Linda*, who attempted afterwards to join it together again, but in vain.

The

The poor Bee was so frightned at this Sight, that she was ready to expose her own Life for his ; and fearing that he might Bleed to Death, by instinct of Nature (having his leave) flew instantly to *Arabia*, and brought back on her nimble Wings and Feet, a precious Balsam, with which she daily dress'd and cured his Wound.

The passionate *Linda* was so terrify'd at this Transaction, that her Rest went from her. She could not be satisfy'd, till the Mystery was unfolded ; and therefore she sent far and near for the most eminent Fairies in those parts, promising them, that if they would vouchsafe her a Visit, to bestow on them whatever they desir'd. The generous Fairies never want Intreaties to do good ; so that away posted great numbers of them to *Linda's Castle*, where amongst the rest, appeared the good Queen *Truffio*, being the chiefest in the first Order of Fairies. She was no sooner consulted, but she went to the Tree, and by virtue of her Skill, turn'd it into one of the most accomplish'd Princes in the World. At this Sight, the astonish'd *Linda* forgot her former Aversion for the Sex, and entertain'd a Passion for him.

But the Prince falling at *Truffio's* Feet, return'd her a thousand Thanks, and beg'd that his Happiness might be compleat, by having his lovely Bee, which was his Life and Soul, restor'd to him in her proper Shape. It shall be done said the generous Fairy, and giving the Word, the Princess appear'd with all her usual

usual Charms and Lustre, insomuch that every Lady then present envy'd her Happiness.

When *Linda* saw this, her Reason put a stop to a Passion she so newly entertain'd. She forgot it, and fell to embracing the Prince and Princess, who at the Request of *Truffio*, had inform'd her of all that had happen'd to them, and particularly of the Wonders they had perform'd, by Virtue of the Name of *Truffio* and her Wand.

The Pleasure the Fairy took to hear herself so respectfully spoke of, oblig'd her to do something extraordinary for them ; and which should for ever set them above the Frowns of Fate.

She took her leave of *Linda*, gave her the Gift of Faryism, and with a thousand Embraces, seated the Prince and Princess with her in a flying Chariot, and flew directly to the Fortunate Island, where the King and Queen the Princess's Father and Mother, were still living, and who receiv'd them both as Children risen from the Grave : Never were there such Rejoycings before.

They were marry'd in great Pomp, and their first-born being a Son, was nam'd *Conston Lovi*, to which a long Train of other proper Titles have since been added ; So that it has hitherto been to no purpose to find out this First-born of the Prince and Princess : Let him look upon himself truly Happy, who shall find him in Perfection.

The M O R A L.

WHAT secret Charms our Infant Souls attend,
When Providence becomes a Friend !
Matches, tho' made on on Earth,
In Heav'n at first design'd,
Receive a Sanction with their Birth
To multiply Mankind.
And though a Thousand Miseries unite,
To intercept that Bliss,
Time shall produce what Fate decrees
To be our Happiness.
As many Miracles, ev'n in Despair,
Shall save the constant, vertuous Pair.
Nor Sea, nor Fire, nor monst'rous Beasts,
Nor all the Malice of enraged Breasts,
Nor Dev'l's, can have
A Conquest o'er the Brave.

The vertuous, gen'rous, faithful Soul,
That moves by a fix'd Principle ;
That will not flatter, cant, and try
All the mean Tricks of curs'd Hypocrisy ;
Be Rich, or Poor, is still the same,
Be others what they will.

Goals, Tortures, Threats of Parents, which is wores,
All proves for Good, tho' meant a Curse.

For

For Happiness does not consist
 In doing what we list ;
 In tickling of some wealthy Friend-
 A paltry Sum to lend :
 Or turning Parasite, to be
 The Favourite of Majesty.
 Since sordid Souls (as there are some
 No doubt) are only Nature's Scum,
 The Wise-Mans Sport, and Ridicule,
 Who smiles to see what Bubbles charm the Fool.

— Numerous Examples of this kind,
 Who Reads these Fairy-Tales, may find,
 If his own Life can't call to mind.

Th' obedient Graciosa first appears
 Of young, and tender Years,
 Belov'd by Percinet, had Grognon's Hate,
 Yet persever'd, and was preserv'd by Fate.

The lovely Blew-Bird next comes in,
 Who flies the Lust of a lascivious Queen,
 Endures a thousand Wrongs and Pains,
 'Till he the chaste Florina gains.

Leander too, for being Kind,
 The Seat of Calm Delights does find.

And faithful Av'nani's Suffering
 Does terminate in being King.

Rosetta's chaste and peaceful Breast,
 The Peacock-King at last possesst.

Tales of the FAIRIES. 161

Brilliant's Deformity found Charms
To free her from the Wizard's Harms.
And gave her lovely Shepherd-Prince,
Joys never known before, nor since

The shipwreck'd Prince and Princess found
An Asylum on Salvage Ground;
And true-Love Crown'd the Orange-Tree
With all the melting Charms of its Beloved Bee.

What now remains, but that we imitate
What gen'rous Fairies do relate,
And make our Fortunes Good and Great.

F I N I S,

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